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Belles Lettres, Science, and Art,

FOR THE YEAR

1855.

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Journal of the Belles Lettres, Science, and Art.

N° 1981.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

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ROYAL ACADEMY OF ARTS.—
C. R. COCKERELL, Esq., R.A., Professor of Architecture, will deliver LECTURES on the Evenings of Thursday, January 11th, 18th, 25th; and February 1st and 8th.

MUSEUM OF PRACTICAL GEOLOGY.—

The following Courses of Lectures are about to be commenced—

Thirty-six Lectures on APPLIED MECHANICS, by Professor WILLIS, F.R.S., commencing Wednesday, Jan. 3, at 12

Thirty-six Lectures on GEOLOGY, by Professor RAMSAY, F.R.S., commencing Thursday, Jan. 4, at 2 p.m.

Sixty Lectures on MINING, by Mr. WARINGTON SMYTH, M.A., commencing Monday, Jan. 8, at 3 p.m.

The Morning Lectures on CHEMISTRY, by Dr. HOFMANN, F.R.S., will be resumed on Monday, the 8th, and the Evening Lectures on Wednesday, the 10th January.

The METALLURGICAL Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. PERCY, F.R.S., will be re-opened on the 1st; and the CHEMICAL Laboratory, under the direction of Dr. HOFMANN, on the 8th of January.

For further information apply to the Registrar, at the Museum, Jernyn Street.

QUEENWOOD COLLEGE, near STOCKBRIDGE,

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ROYAL GEOGRAPHICAL SOCIETY, 15,

Whitehall Place.—Evening Meeting, Monday, the 8th of January, 8 o'clock.

The Meetings of this Society will be henceforth held at the Society's new House, 15, Whitehall Place. If a Member desire to introduce more than one Visitor to the Meeting he is requested to apply to the Secretary for a Card of Admission, and Visitors are required to remain in the Library until the Chair is taken. The Map Rooms of the Society will be open to the Public from Eleven a.m. to Three p.m., daily, until further notice.

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LONDON, SATURDAY, JANUARY 6, 1855.

REVIEWS.

A Month in the Camp before Sebastopol.

By a Non-Combatant. Longman and Co.

WHEN 'OWN Correspondents,' reared on feather-beds and Turkey carpets, unused to the vicissitudes of camp life, grow peevish on the approach of the rainy season, and become at length so vehement and slanderous in their reports of the war proceedings as to be drubbed out of the field, it is something refreshing to fall in with the simple light-hearted narrative of an unprofessional looker-on. In the little volume before us we have the very first account of a month in the Crimea which may be said to have been written without personal animus or political bias. It shows, it is true, that the organization of the British army is less complete, in matters pertaining to the commissariat and the care of the sick and wounded, than the French; but it also shows that the difficulties arising out of the calling into action of a large army, after forty years' peace, to the greatest portion of which the smell of powder and the prolonged anguish of strife and fever were unknown, have been grossly exaggerated, and might, without the publicity thus traitorously afforded to the enemy, have been constitutionally remedied. Let us refer, for one moment, to the antiquated absurdity of serving coffee to the troops in the green berry. "It is given out," says the non-combatant, "not only unground but raw, and they have nothing to roast or to grind it with;" but an official announcement has lately been made, to the effect that ground coffee was, ere long, substituted. With regard to the medical department—"I believe," says the author, "that everything within the scope of ordinary foresight has been done by the home authorities," but so large a proportion of the surgeons were laid prostrate by sickness, and forced to return home, before landing in the Crimea, that the resources of the staff were utterly unable to meet the dread necessities by which the army was so unexpectedly overtaken.

It was on the 3rd of October, when the Battle of the Alma had passed into an event of history, that our non-combatant reached the enemy's country, and, landing in Eupatoria Bay, made his way, with tent, canteen, and saddle-bags, in the direction of head-quarters.

"Lord Raglan's house was not much above the level of the general wretchedness. Before the door paced to and fro a sentry, whose get-up was not at all out of keeping with his situation. He had a soiled red coat; its ragged worsted tags were the reverse of ornamental; and its open collar showed neither stock nor shirt. His rusty black trousers gaped vainly here and there for buttons, and were tucked up unceremoniously at the heels to keep dry. His boots were the colour of the dust they trod on; so were his Saxon locks and sunburnt face. Nevertheless, there was that about his quiet honest bearing which would, I think, have proclaimed him, even without the distinctive red, a British soldier. The quay before the house was one struggling mass of bullock-waggons, dromedaries, and ammunition-carts. There were Jack-tars in couples baling out of barges heavy shot, and using for that purpose an iron instrument, shaped like two Greek *es* placed over each other, one upside down, and the other erect, so that the circles coincide (each man takes hold of the two prongs at his own end, and the shot lies in the central ring.) Commissaries were shouting to bombardiers, soldiers were imprecating arabad-drivers, while the latter were taking a vicarious

vengeance by prodding their beasts. But that the whole business was not so chaotic as it looked, was proved by the continuous line of carts, full of provisions and munitions of war, which streamed steadily off towards the camp."

Here is a sketch of the army toilet:—

"The means of insuring personal cleanliness are absolutely wanting. The sea is too distant for bathing; and though there are little springs in various neighbouring hollows, nobody has vessels which can be applied to washing. The men have only the small pans which they use in cooking; the officers, destitute even of these, borrow them from the men, and manage, perhaps, such a toilet as can be accomplished with half a pint of water, unaided by towel, soap, nail-brush, tooth-brush, hair-brush, or comb! Razors, naturally, are out of the question. Even before the landing, almost every one had abandoned them—from the bearded grenadier, whose face looks like a continuation of his own bearskin, to the newly imported ensign, whose

'Beauty draws us by a single hair.'

Of course, it was the necessity, when they disembarked here, of bearing all their possessions on their backs, that reduced the army to its worst trials. The sufferings entailed by actual fighting, by night-work in the trenches, or by a bivouac such as the troops were only relieved from five or six days ago, are bad enough; but they are part of the prospect contemplated by every man of sense when he adopts the military profession. But the unmentionable horrors of a state of things where neither the clothing can be changed, nor the body cleansed, for weeks on weeks!—when men born and trained as our officers are born and trained, are found undergoing these without a complaint on their lips—England may well be proud of her 'gentlemen.'

"The generals, field-officers, and staff, are somewhat better off; they possess basins and tubs; those who like it can shave; and I have even seen a few white shirts, though they were not starched. Still, it was only the other day that even this portion of the army got tents over their heads; and that you may not have too exalted a notion of their comforts, I will describe to you the costume in which I lately saw the colonel of a regiment making his morning's report to General Brown. Both stood outside Sir George's tent, and I was one of a fumigating group not far off. The colonel's black trousers hung in folds over his spurs, for lack of braces. His red coat was fastened with three buttons, and showed to advantage a chocolate-coloured flannel shirt. The long ends of a silk neckcloth, tied in a sailor's knot, dangled over the coat; and over all was a dilapidated great-coat, which had certainly not been brushed for the occasion. One hand he kept in his fob; the other held a well-browned meerschaum; and with many vigorous pulls thereat he told his story!"

Sunday seems to have been the day ordinarily selected by orthodox Russia for her most offensive manœuvres. By the British it was observed with a stoical indifference to danger:—

"Yesterday, being Sunday, the routine was broken by the impressive ceremony of an open air church-parade. Each division, on these occasions, has divine service performed by its own chaplain. Ours was drawn up on the rising ground, just beyond the tents, in a dense hollow square. The clergyman and officers occupied the centre. Every one was covered. Some of the men wore forage-caps, for lack of shakos; and on *dit* that the loss of these stiff and ugly varieties of head-gear is submitted to with great resignation by the Line generally. The chaplain, with his dark velvet skull-cap and black moustache and beard, reminded me of a foreign padre in canonicals.

"We were scarcely placed in position, before the loud rush of round-shot from the fort was heard, again and again, in our ears, causing sundry dislocations of the square—the men grinning and swaying about at each whirl in a kind of jocular disorder. Nothing was left for it but to move off.

So we took up our ground a few hundred yards lower down; and here—though a fleecy little cloudlet, which announced its birth in a thunder-clap, showed that a shell had burst above us, not very far off to our rear—the service was conducted to a close. Everybody, of course, stands up on these occasions throughout the ceremony. To obviate fatigue, therefore, the Litany and Communion are omitted. The chaplain preached extemporaneously, and with so excellent a voice, that, though the wind was blowing his surplice about, it did not drown his tones. I was amused by his British *sang froid*. Half his congregation might perish round the walls of Sebastopol before next church-parade—a theme which the threatening missiles exploding about him would have served sufficiently well to enforce—but he utterly disdained such obvious rhetoric. Perhaps, indeed, it is considered undesirable to make allusions of the kind; and certainly they are too patent to need much insisting on. At any rate, the reverend gentleman neither noticed the pyrotechnics in his sound, practical sermon, nor in his own person; but stood with his back to the fort, and preached on some everyday text, and never changed his voice, or turned his head, in compliment to shot or shell."

We must now find room for a parallel comparison of the French and English management of the commissariat:—

"In respect to diet, the following differences are the most striking.

"The French soldiers have flour served out to them instead of biscuit, and bake their own bread. General Canrobert handsomely distributed one day's supply lately to every soldier in the British camp.

"In the next place, one Frenchman cooks for twelve, instead of each man, as with us, preparing his own dinner. They carry out, in other words, the old principle of the division of labour. The office is taken by rotation. Amongst other advantages arising from this arrangement, a few large marmites serve for a whole regiment, instead of every man being cumbered with his particular pot and pans. But above all, by its means, a more palatable and wholesome dinner for the troops is secured. So it might be with us. For instance, nothing can be better than our ration-pork when it has been well soaked for two or three hours before being dressed; nor anything more salt, and hence more likely to aggravate the diseases prevalent in camp, than the same pork, when cooked without the initiatory process in question. It is, of course, impossible for each of our soldiers, amidst the various calls on him, to spare every day the time necessary for soaking his pork; but one man in twelve might, I suppose, very easily do so.

"Again: the French soldier carries, by way of water-flask, a light flat tin vessel, like a shallow canister, about six inches long by two deep; slightly curved longitudinally, to suit the shape of his body; and suspended to his neck by a strap. There are two orifices in the top: one is stopped by a cork, and is surmounted by a short fixed funnel, to admit of being conveniently placed to the lips for drinking, or of passing liquid into the flask without waste. The other orifice has a conical pipe, about an inch long, attached to it, so small at the top, that water cannot easily be spilt from it, and at the same time large enough to admit of the soldier sucking a mouthful through it, if he is thirsty. This flask, or *bidon* as it is called, costs in France about a franc. It is covered with cloth by the men themselves, to keep the tin from soiling their uniforms.

"In remarkable contrast with it, is the blue keg, or canteen, with which the Englishman is afflicted. First, it is made of wood, and carries therefore less liquid in proportion to its size, and is less easily rinsed out, than if it were made of tin. Secondly, it is about twice as deep as a *bidon*, has no curve to fit the body, is (I should guess) half-a-dozen times as heavy, and, being round, like a tub cut short, takes up more space laterally. Thirdly, its orifice, being neither more nor less

than a bung-hole, it is not well adapted for receiving and conducting liquid into the canteen without the aid of a funnel, and is, of course, particularly awkward to drink from. Lastly, it must cost twice the sum. There is, in fact, but this to be said for it—it dates from the days of Marlborough!

"One other point of difference between the two camp systems remains to be stated. The members of our bands are, as I have said, devoted to bearing stretchers. The French musicians, on the contrary, are, at this moment, playing 'Rule Britannia,' in compliment to the *entente cordiale*; and many a poor sick Briton is, I dare say, raising himself on his elbow, to catch the faint, but cheering strains, as they float to our lines. Our allies argue, that camp is the very place where music is wanted; that a soldier can carry a stretcher into action as well as an accomplished musician, but that, if both get knocked on the head, a month's training will replace the one, and not the other. They add, that even if the musician alone will serve our turn, it would be well that he should, at any rate, play during the days and weeks that happily intervene between bloody engagements in the most active warfare. Can you answer this Gallic view of the case?"

Our non-combatant was present at the Battle of Balaklava, and gives curious testimony how little the senses are moved by the actual sight of conflict; and how that seeing a battle is not always comprehending it:—

"Well! I have seen a battle, or rather part—the bloodiest part—of a battle; and am amazed to find how little I have seen! If I had been told beforehand, that the spectacle of two armies, arrayed front to front in a spacious valley, and assailing each other with the deadliest instruments of modern warfare, differed little, to the mere eye, from a review—that even to the mind of any one, 'who hath no friend or brother there,' the event of the day is so absorbing, that at the moment, he hardly sees the human wrecks, dwarfed by distance into pigmies, which mark the course of every manœuvre—that a single combat is more stirring than a general engagement, and the anguish of one poor wounded wretch, whose groans are in your ears, more shocking than the most wholesale slaughter—I should have doubted. Yet such is the lesson of my own experience, and I believe that those who have witnessed such scenes would, if true to themselves, bear me out in the avowal.

"I am glad, at any rate, that you do not depend upon me, exclusively, for an account of the battle of Balaklava. How any one, who has not somebody in the secrets of the generals by his side, to explain the movements, can understand an affair of the kind, is to me a mystery. If a man is in the *melée*, he only sees that. If, on the other hand, he is at a sufficient distance to take in the whole field, he sees an array of dark sparkling masses—now moving, now stationary—covered with smoke, or emerging from it. Finally, he sees a certain portion of the whole marching away, perhaps in very good order. We will suppose at such a juncture that, by good luck, he really does know that the fight is decided, and which party it is that is retreating, and that he rejoices, or laments, appropriately. Nevertheless, as regards all the sudden emergencies, the daring movements and sagacious plans—all, in fact, that give the battle its historical interest—our spectators comprehend no more of them, believe me, than you comprehend of the manœuvres of a review.

"And now, having reduced your anticipations to the proper level, let me fairly own that I was on the wrong side of the ridge for observing the most interesting portions of the engagement of the 25th. The reason was, that when, on that morning, repeated discharges of musketry and artillery in our rear proclaimed the long-expected arrival of Osten-Sacken's force, I, in common with my neighbours, believed that it would very soon be beaten back again. The enemy were advancing at the time towards the ridge to which I have alluded, and which traversed the valley at a point

between them and Balaklava. Now, this ridge, though a great deal lower than the hills which it connects, is yet high enough to conceal from persons to the north the movements of troops for some distance behind the southern side of it. Assuming, therefore, that the enemy would be routed and pursued, I determined not to let the ridge intervene between me and the sport, and took up my position on what may be called the Russian, as opposed to the Balaklava, side of it, at the French mortar battery under the telegraph. The battery is situated just under the crest of the western hill-side of the valley in the rear of our camp, and commands a view of Balaklava to the right, broken only by the unlucky ridge. The valley must be a mile and a half broad. The hills are of limestone rock, rising steeply from the two sides of the plain, and are fantastically scarped, like most of the Crimean heights; while the general landscape, even in the valley, is just as brown, and stony, as on the plateau. The whole country, in fact, looks as if it was made for fighting; but by no means as if it was worth fighting about."

"On arriving at the battery about half-past eight, I could see the Russians (computed at 20,000 strong) defiling from behind some rising ground to our left, on the opposite or eastern side of the valley. Numerous loose horsemen preceded them. Detached portions of the force were scattered over the whole breadth of the plain, and the mortars near which I stood played upon some of the nearest of them with evident effect. We watched the shells bursting over and among them, and producing large gaps in their masses; but it was too far to see individuals being killed. The fire was not returned.

"After half an hour or so had been thus spent, a body of Russian horse charged over the nearest end of the ridge, and to the great mirth and delight of our party (I was standing among some French officers) we soon saw them galloping back again. Then they joined the main body on the Eastern side of the valley, and the whole advanced up the farthest end of the ridge, where there were three Turkish redoubts, giving a cheer as they reached the summit. To our intense chagrin they stopped there. We saw nothing like resistance. After a time, the troops of the British First Division (who had been ordered down from the camp) began to cross the ridge about its centre, and bodies of our cavalry took up their position between them and the western hills. The larger portion of the enemy then retired half a mile. Our troops shortly after were seen galloping towards the enemy. There was a mass of smoke; and when it cleared away, we saw many corpses strewn the ground; and some horses galloping riderless, and some lying on the field. Whether they were British soldiers who had been slaughtered, or Russians, or both, we could not tell; but after the smoke had cleared away, the *melée* was at an end. Excepting some sharp firing behind the Balaklava side of the ridge, in the direction of the redoubts, we could discover or hear nothing more; till at two, becoming impatient, I went down to the ridge of an earthwork manned by a French regiment (the 27th). Here I perceived the whole arrangement of the British force. They were formed in three rows, extending across the valley; the first composed of regiments of the line; the second of troopers standing by their horses; and the third of the Guards and Highlanders. Ambulances were posted here and there; and everything seemed ready for a general action; but after waiting till four, and seeing no new symptoms of a move on either side, I returned to camp—there to learn what I had really been looking at!

"I soon ascertained, that all the most effective portion of the battle had taken place on that side of the ridge which I had visited too late. The Russians whom we saw galloping back over it in the morning, were no doubt the relics of those whom the Heavies, as you will have learnt, had drubbed so heartily and against such fearful odds—one of the few spectacles in modern warfare, by the bye, which, from its being a purely cavalry affair, had none of its effect marred by smoke.

The splendid reception given by the 93rd Highlanders to the Russian cavalry, was shut out from us by the same unlucky screen. The troopers whom we had watched dashing into the fire of musketry and artillery on the further side of the valley, were, it is true, then and there making the terrible charge under Lord Cardigan; but so dense was the pall in which they were at once wrapped by the musketry and artillery of the enemy—so complete, too, our ignorance of the nature and object of the movement—that even now I can hardly believe myself to have witnessed that sublime display of military devotion."

Having seen a battle, the non-combatant disposed of his kit, and made the best of his way to Balaklava-bay, for a ship home, and greatly did he enjoy the change:—

"Do you know, I am inclined to think it is worth spending a month in camp, if only to appreciate the luxury of going to bed at the end of the time! It is true, that when in camp, I never once felt any hardship in sleeping booted and clothed; and that, for the simple reason, that I always *did* sleep as soon as I blew out the candle. But when on board the —, I for the first time for nearly four weeks lay with the smooth fresh sheets lapping around me, I knew and tasted the difference between that rude prosaic method of tumbling out of every day life into barren unconsciousness, and being deliciously wooed, lured, and coaxed into repose. I could not, indeed, help coquetting with the thing, and tried hard to keep awake awhile, that I might have my fill of the sensation; but it might not be! In a quarter of an hour, I was stupidly oblivious—from all which, you will perceive, it follows, that the more a man roughs it, the more luxurious his tastes become. * * *

"Sailors have so much the advantage over soldiers during actual war, that, fresh as I am from witnessing the sufferings of the latter, I find it requires an effort of reason to give the former credit for enduring anything. Then the tars are such jovial fellows. They do everything to music, and make work itself a kind of dance. There are four or five hundred of them at this moment hauling up a rope, with their feet tramping to the tune of 'Rory O'More.' Why, it is regular 'down the middle and up again!' No one who looked for an instant at their hearty good-humoured faces could suppose that they felt the exercise as a toil. * * *

"What a softening, inexpressible grace is lent to a man-of-war by the middies! It is particularly striking after living in a camp exclusively composed of mature men. The army has nothing corresponding to these pretty little fellows, who, with their rosy cheeks, resemble their mammas much more than they do the heroes they are one day to be. To meet them, too, in the midst of stern work; and with the knowledge, that it was but the other day that the poor boys were ducking their curly heads and laughing amidst shot and shell; possibly, with about the same sense of adventure, as if it had been a game at snow-balls! Never dream of degeneracy in a land where mothers thus devote their offspring. Talk of Sparta—of Rome! England alone rocks her children on the wave, and War is the 'wolf' which suckles them."

While in this comfortable berth the roar of cannon at Inkerman was heard.

"We were at breakfast on board the —, on Sunday the 5th, when indistinct sounds of heavy firing attracted our attention; and Captain — mentioned that he had noticed them ever since dawn. Of course the gig was soon manned and took a strong party ashore. — got a pony, but most of us, myself included, were compelled to walk. After a mile or two I was obliged to diverge from the rest, as I meant to go in the first instance to my old camp-quarters, there to borrow —'s mare (he had got well again and had returned to work) and to join him and the General on the field.

"It was a seven mile up-hill trudge. The occupation of the valley by the Russians had closed

the shortest way (by the telegraph); and the nearest road, moistened by a Scotch mist, had been churned by ammunition-waggons and horses' hoofs into unctuous mud. When, therefore, I had climbed to the crest of the plateau I cut across country. The fog prevented one's seeing far ahead, but the sharp reports of musketry and the roar of artillery were quite enough to mark the direction, even without the stream of French and English soldiers, bearing on their backs and on stretchers the wounded to the rear. I did not stop to question these men, but tried to read in their faces the fortune of the day. They all looked grave, and behaved with a silent manly propriety, in good keeping with their sad office, but quite at variance with the stories one reads of the conduct of soldiers when relieved, as they were here, from surveillance.

"On arriving at the road which leads to my old quarters I found it full of waggons, carrying ammunition to the field and wounded from it. But I was surprised to perceive, when at last (about one) I arrived, that my friend —, and a brother aide, instead of being in the thick of the contest, were in camp. Their looks showed that something wrong had happened, and I soon heard, with great concern, that poor General — had been badly wounded, and was then lying, faint from loss of blood, in what used to be my tent. A shell had also hurt, but not severely, —'s knee. Both my friends were naturally absorbed in devising means for conveying their gallant chief to some place where he would be more fitly sheltered than under canvas. But they found time, in a few hurried words, to describe the carnage which they had witnessed, and pointed out the spot (easily visible from the tents) where the battle had raged the most fiercely.

"No nag, of course, could now be lent me, nor was there any one whom I could join in the field. The fight, however, had become purely one of artillery; and the best point of view—as well as the safest—for seeing the practice on both sides, was some position opposite the centre of the line of fire. Having ascertained that a place called the Five-gun Battery (in reality the Right Lancaster Battery), answered to this description, I decided on going there—not, however, till I had succeeded, amidst the painful excitement around, in obtaining some ration-biscuit! I felt the incongruity of asking for food at such a moment. I would have given anything to have been able to weather the day without. But I had taken a long walk, and (if not knocked on the head between whistles, which I did not anticipate) should have to take another. So, being famished, I asked, and was satisfied. I record the fact, because it illustrates the humbling truth that hunger is as callous as Launce's cur.

"The Five-gun Battery is between the Round Tower and the tents of the Second Division. It commands the best view I have obtained of Sebastopol; and, now that the fog had cleared away, the city appeared to great advantage. There was a mound behind the battery, four or five feet high, so situated as to conceal persons lying down under it from the Russians in the field, but not from the garrison in the town. Nor was it quite steep enough, I should think, to have stopped a rolling round shot from any direction. Though, however, both the enemy's field artillery on our right, and the fort and ship guns on our left, commanded the position, our party was too small to be much noticed. It consisted of General England and his staff, and a troop of horse artillery. The horses of the latter, which the mound could not conceal, were probably the occasion of the very few missiles that actually lit near us. The Round Tower was firing over our heads at the Allied army. The Russian park of artillery, on the other hand, had enough to do with the antagonists before them, who, already (it was not quite two o'clock) were slowly gaining ground. In fact, the only narrow escape I had, was from a shell, which did me the honour to burst within a few yards of me, when my ears were, for the first and last time, regaled with the peculiar hum which marks the near approach of the flying fragments of those uncomfort-

able projectiles (I picked up a hot bit as a memento). Still, though we were comparatively safe, I was amused, considering all things, by the politeness of an officer present, who on lighting his cigar from mine, expressed an artistic regret, that he should 'spoil so beautiful an ash!'

"At this time, the aspect of the battle, as seen from our position, was as follows. Two large bodies of the allied troops stood, or rather lay, close before the foremost tents of the Second Division, a little below the long low rounded outline of the hill on which they are pitched, and which, on its furthest side, descends to the Tchernaya. Another mass occupied a place (as it seemed to me) about a hundred yards in advance, and more off to the right, on the very profile of the hill. The whole of this ground, I should tell you, rises gradually, for two or three hundred yards in front of the tents. Crossing the highest portion of the outline was a fourth body of the Allies. The ground then makes a dip for about four hundred yards, when it makes another gradual rise of the same rounded character, until it reaches an elevation somewhat higher than the hill occupied by the French and British troops. Here I counted six bodies of the enemy. I suppose the two armies were seven or eight hundred yards apart. All parties were pounding away with their artillery, and the wind carried off the smoke, so that we could clearly see the spectacle. About three, the allied troops gradually advanced, till their foremost park of artillery occupied the bottom of the valley between the two hills. In half an hour more, the Russians were in full retreat towards Sebastopol. I could see them in their long grey coats marching past us with their arms shouldered, and in good order.

"My sketch of the ground was now completed, the victory won, and I got up and prepared for my long trudge, so as to be in time for dinner on board the —; but I had not walked many paces, when one of our regiments was brought forward past me, to fire at the retreating foe. Stretchers were being carried behind them; and though I had seen these implements often used in carrying the wounded, I confess, it gave me a shock to see them borne close behind these soldiers—now walking well and erect, their faces full in my view—in anticipation! An anticipation soon realised. Directly they appeared there, the place where I had been lying seemed alive with round shot, throwing up the dust in all directions; while the stretcher-bearers were running here and there—I knew too well what reason.

"It did also occur to me (why will thoughts cross one at the wrong times!) that, perhaps, it was lucky for a certain person that these poor fellows did not come up before—that had that happened, he might have presented himself at a particular nook of the Temple with a wooden leg; but with no honour, no pension, to show for it—only sharp shafts of ridicule, 'Que, diable, allait-il faire dans cette galère!' Ah, ha! you have lost that triumph!

"The morning after the fight, I again walked to the front, and went over a portion of the field. No English wounded, I rejoice to say, were visible. I made many inquiries of the stretcher-bearers, while they were engaged in picking up those Russians who had lived through the night, and from what they told me, I infer that all, or nearly all, our poor countrymen were removed the evening before.

"The slope on the other side of the tents is not very steep: in fact, a pony which I had borrowed in camp, walked up and down it quite easily. There was a good deal of low oak scrub, but it was not thick enough to prevent one's picking one's way through the place. Our men were digging large pits for burying the dead. The horrors I had heard of as having been witnessed on the field, by those who went there directly after the action, were to a great degree abated. The Russians who yet survived were too faint to do more than groan faintly. They seemed grateful, poor fellows, when I gave them small portions of brandy from my flask; but, as I had not tempered it with water, and wished

to distribute it as widely as possible, I only gave each man a tablespoonful. It might, perhaps, have served to keep them alive, after the cold night, till they could be taken to hospital.

"I could see comparatively few English and French among the dead. The former, as you know, fought in their grey greatcoats, from there not having been time to take them off; and the inconvenience which this occasioned, by confounding friend and foe, will, I should think, cut short the clamour against the hue of our line uniforms. Those writers at home who have been running at red, like mad bulls, ignore the circumstance, that the French—pretty good judges in this matters—make their infantry wear trousers of the same colour. No doubt, it is an inconvenience for troops to be seen plainly by the enemy; but it is a greater one, not to be seen plainly by their own comrades, when, as happens in our case, the latter shoot the best of the two.

"Many of the Russian dead had been stripped, and appeared to be good specimens of men. Most of them had blue eyes, regular features, coarse brown complexions, and averaged, I should say, rather more than the height of Frenchmen. They were provided with what looked like little bolsters, but which were really bags of crumbled brown biscuit. It did not taste bad, and, I suppose, it is given them broken up for the purpose of being made more readily into porridge. Each man had four days' provisions; a circumstance which, with the fact of their having brought gabions and fascines, show how confidently they expected to establish themselves on Sir De Lacy Evans's position.

"The attitudes of the dead were most startling. I think I told you, that I found the Hussars, who were sabred by our Heavy Dragoons at Balaklava, lying flat on the ground. Here, on the contrary (and the same is said to have been the case at the Alma), the dead were strewn about in every imaginable posture. Arms were stretched upwards, as if warding blows, or dealing thrusts. Bodies were half raised—the head bent forward—the nether lip bit in—the eyes open—but for the glassy stare and marble feet, you might have thought them springing at your throat! The suddenness of the stroke had fixed the last movement of volition. Those who had bled to death lay placidly."

The non-combatant returned home, from this bloody scene, in the *Caradoc*, and brings his narrative to a close with a gush of congratulation to all who contributed to making his visit to the Crimea such "an enjoyable one."

The Englishwoman in Russia; Impressions of the Society and Manners of the Russians at Home. By a Lady, ten years' resident in that Country. Murray.

OF all the books that have been called forth by our political contest with Russia, there is none which gives so extraordinary an impression of Russian society and manners as the present. Many of the anecdotes it is impossible to read without distrust of their veracity, and yet the author speaks from an experience of ten years' residence in the country, ending so recently as some months after the declaration of war. The Russians, according to the Englishwoman's account, are living under a "withering thralldom" almost incredible. The government *employés*, she says, are the most detestably mean class in the country. "There is no baseness too base, no dishonesty too dishonest, no cringing too low, no lie too barefaced, no time-serving too vile for them;" and as for the lower classes, all of whom seem to come under the denomination of serfs, "so deeply rooted in them," she continues, "are the vices of lying, cunning, and deceit, that it is rare to

hear the truth spoken at all." Much of the narrative is, we fear, calumnious, and some of the anecdotes almost ludicrous:—

"A lady (†) who was in St. Petersburg for the winter, and whom I met two or three times at evening parties, was one day extremely unlucky at cards: she had some servants (slaves) who possessed very beautiful hair; and as she had not enough ready money to pay the debt incurred by her losses, she actually sent to a barber and had all their long tresses cut off, the sale of which enabled her to discharge it honourably! As closely-cropped hair is a punishment for immoral conduct, and exposes a girl to the jeers and mockeries of her companions, it may readily be imagined what a bitter mortification such an act must have been to them. I must, however, add that the person in question was a Pole; and, as far as I have been able to judge, the Poles are infinitely more unfeeling and tyrannical to their serfs than the Russians.

"I was once going to the opera in company with Polish lady; she came and begged me to wait a few minutes, as she was not quite ready; she was magnificently dressed in dark crimson velvet, a profusion of jewels, lace, and marabout feathers. I took a seat in the drawing-room, next to her *cabinet de toilette*, whilst she completed her head-dress. Suddenly I heard a tremendous noise in the adjoining apartment; mistress and maid seemed to be endeavouring to outscold each other; but as they spoke Polish I did not understand what it was all about. Presently a loud crash and the fall of a heavy body on the floor, announced that some catastrophe had happened. Very soon after the lady made her appearance, smiling with all the politeness possible, and expressing her regret at having kept me waiting. I made no remark, of course, nor did she allude to the mysterious fracas that had just taken place; but I afterwards learned the facts of the case: the maid had not pleased her in her coiffure; the lady scolded; the girl answered impertinently, which so enraged her amiable mistress, that, with the chair on which she was sitting, she knocked her down with so much violence that two of her front teeth were broken off in her fall!

"An amusing anecdote was told me by a French lady. One of her countrywomen was engaged as dressing-maid to a lady of rank in Russia: one day, while combing out her mistress's long back hair, she hurt her head; the lady turned round and gave her a slap on the face. The Frenchwoman, who had hold of her hair, which she was on the point of tying, so that it was all gathered together in her hand, grasped it tightly, and then inflicted a sound correction on the lady's ears with the hair-brush. Perhaps it may be thought that she was immediately punished by being taken to the police, or at the least summarily dismissed from the household. Far from it; the maid knew the character of the Russians well, and also what she was about: she was perfectly aware that her mistress would not dare to expose her, on account of the disgrace to herself; for it would be an indelible one for a noble lady to have been beaten (in any place but Count Orloff's office), and especially by a menial: she therefore not only took the whole quietly, but presented the Frenchwoman with thirty silver roubles and a new gown, to buy her silence; she was ever after treated with much consideration, and at the time the anecdote was told to me was still in the same situation.

"Among the places worth visiting in the capital is the 'nobility's assemblée,' at the corner of St. Michael-street and the square. When I first went to reside in St. Petersburg these rooms were considered quite the *mode*, but now they are no longer so, for public places soon degenerate in Russia from the *comme il faut* to the *mauvais genre*; there were given balls and masquerades, at which the imperial family were frequently present; the ladies wore dominoes after midnight, but the gentlemen went unmasked. Any lady could intrigue the Emperor (no gentleman was allowed to do so), who frequently was surrounded by a little gay crowd of *beaux masques*, entertaining him with all the chit-chat

and conversations *légères* peculiar to the style of such amusements. I was informed that a great many Frenchwomen, even milliners, were furnished with tickets gratis, their gay badinage and cheerful manners serving so much to enliven the company. Among the tales of scandal which, in the absence of politics, shares with actors and actresses the honour of being made the subject of conversation in Russian society, was one which I make no doubt whatever was a positive fact, and, as it is *à propos* to these *bals masqués*, I will relate it. A lady, the daughter of an old general named B—, was one evening at the masquerade; she intrigued a *personage* of very high rank, and while so doing was imprudent enough to touch upon some forbidden subject; shortly after she left the *assemblée* and returned home, perfectly unconscious that orders had been given not to let her out of sight until her name and place of residence had been ascertained. The next morning she was disagreeably surprised by a visit from an officer of the secret police, who politely requested her to accompany him to Count Orloff's office. Such an invitation was, of course, not to be refused—she went immediately. The gentleman who received her was *aimable* itself; he kindly pointed to a seat that stood near, and blandly proceeded to ask her a few questions concerning the previous evening's amusement, to all of which the terrified lady tremblingly replied 'the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth,' for no equivocation would have availed her in that place. When the interrogation was finished the chair suddenly sank through the floor, and I am ashamed to say that from the hand of some unseen person below she received a correction such as little boys used formerly to be subjected to from the birch of old-fashioned schoolmasters. I met this lady frequently in company, and knew her sister well. I had the anecdote from an intimate friend of the family, and have not the slightest doubt of its being true.

"The same misfortune is said to have occurred about four months ago to a certain noble princess from the south, who expressed some sympathy with the cause of the Western Powers. I have often asked Russians, when they were boasting of their great civilization, if this were a proof of it. Once the reply was that 'a great many of the Russian ladies deserved to be beaten, and that it would do them a great deal of good.' At another time, in speaking of the peasant-women being so treated, a certain Prince A— replied that 'they were not worthy of the title of women, they were no better than cattle!' Once, on complaining of the impertinence of a servant, I was recommended to 'box her ears well;' on my remarking that such an action would be a greater disgrace to me than to the girl herself, the lady, whose maid she was, answered, 'If you do not do it I will,' she rang the bell, the footman was told to send Marousha, and the instant she came, notwithstanding my entreaties, the lady administered with her own hand a sound blow on each side of the poor girl's head!"

The following anecdote is given as an example of something more pleasing in the national character, savouring, however, a little of the marvellous:—

"Count B—, a gentleman of very extensive landed property in the south of Russia, was left an orphan at about the age of seventeen, and, of course, until he was of age he was under the direction of his guardians. On his attaining his majority he determined upon visiting each of his estates in succession. It was night when he reached the largest one in Little Russia; he drove quietly to the house, as he thought unremarked by the villagers, but not so; early the next morning he was awakened by great noise and tumult; he looked out of window, and to his dismay beheld the whole yard crowded with the peasantry. A momentary fear presented itself to his mind, that the serfs had risen and that they designed his destruction. He determined, however, to meet the danger boldly; he dressed, and hastened down amongst them. He was received with shouts that did not reassure him, and then a sudden silence

succeeded. This was broken by two or three of the oldest peasants, who advanced towards him, and with great respect begged to know if it were true that he was, as they had heard, deeply involved in debt. 'Because,' said they, 'we do not wish to be disgraced by having a proprietor who is in such embarrassment. We therefore hope that you will allow us to discharge your debts, that you may be freed from it; for that purpose we have collected together a million of roubles (*assignats*), which we have brought with us, and which we entreat you to accept.' Some of their companion then stepped forward, having in their hands heavy bags and rolls of bank-notes, showing that they had the means as well as the will to insure the success of their plan. The Count was too much affected to answer them immediately, but when he had acquired sufficient composure he thanked them heartily, but assured them that they were mistaken. 'It is true,' he said, 'that on my father's death some of the property was mortgaged, but my guardians, by a careful economy, have been enabled to free it from all liabilities; and now not a single copeck is owing to any one.'

"The peasants hesitated; they did not wish to doubt his word, but were fearful lest he should have told them so because he did not desire their money. It was only by repeated assurances that they were at last convinced that it was a fact. They then begged he would accept the money as a present; on that being declined they would only be satisfied with the promise that in case he should find himself in difficulties he would apply for assistance to them, and not to strangers.

"It may seem strange to English people that serfs should be possessed of so large a sum as a million of roubles (45,000*l.*); but it must be remembered that many of them are not mere field labourers, but rich shopkeepers and tradesmen with large fortunes."

The volume abounds with every conceivable variety of narrative, anecdote, and reflections, more especially touching events since the outbreak of the war:—

"The English in Russia have always been much more respected than liked; and latterly they have become most intensely hated, from the political position in which Great Britain stands towards that country. Among us, if a Russian were in company, it is not probable that he would find any difference in the manner in which he was received because the two Governments are at war; but the Russians are really not enlightened enough to separate the individual from the nation, and think it a proof of patriotism to show their resentment to any son or daughter of England whom they may chance to meet. As soon as the declaration of war was known, there was a marked and very disagreeable change in the manners of even my oldest and most attached friends: it seemed that those few words were sufficient to sever the bonds of amity, and to place a barrier of ice between those who had previously been on the closest terms of intimacy; indeed, I verily believe that they would just as readily have touched a toad as have shaken hands with an English person. This intolerant feeling of course found vent in words, as well as in silent indications; and at last it reached so great a height that it became almost impossible for any one to remain in the country who was obliged to come into daily contact with them. No opprobrious term was too coarse for us: 'those dogs,' 'those swine the English,' were expressions so general that we were not surprised to hear them even from the lips of ladies of rank and education. Added to this was the impossibility of making any reply, unless in the most guarded terms; for the immense number of spies, and their excessive pleasure at catching a stray word or so, would have subjected either a lady or a gentleman to the most disagreeable visits of an emissary of the secret police and a summons to Count Orloff's office.

"Almost every morning we were hearing news of the discomfiture of the Allies, the destruction of at least a part of the fleet, and so on. One day I

went to call on a lady, and an elderly gentleman there present informed her, as a piece of pleasing intelligence, that four more of the ships in the Baltic had been sunk. As this was about the tenth time that reliable information had been received of a similar event, upon a fair calculation there were already forty of them put *hors de combat*. In speaking of Sir Charles Napier one evening, I was informed, 'He is the most savage monster breathing; he never shows mercy to any one, because he really does not know what the word means; and as the Parliament has ordered him to spare nothing that is Russian, God knows who would live to speak of the scenes we shall witness when he comes to St. Petersburg.'

"Notwithstanding the terror which was universal, they still affected to laugh at the idea of a naval invasion. 'Look at Odessa; what did the fleet do except making themselves ridiculous, and what is that place compared to Cronstadt and our other forts?'

"We were much amused once by the account an old gentleman gave a whole company concerning the manoeuvres of the Allied fleets near Denmark. According to him the splendid 'men' of war now floating on the Russian seas were constructed somewhat in the fashion of hens and chickens; for he gravely told us that the hulls were made to open, and a whole progeny of little gun-boats made their sudden appearance, which, after having fired off the cannon and done all the mischief they could, ran back like lightning to the shelter of their great parent's wing, the hull of which opened and closed by means of machinery, and were thus enabled to place all the young fry in safety!"

Among the preparations for war, many bustling and distressing scenes are related:—

"When the young men are taken for soldiers, their relations do not even expect to see them again. One morning a poor woman came to me crying most bitterly, and saying that her two nephews had just been forced from her house to go into the army. I tried to console her, saying that they would return when the war was over, but this only made her more distressed. 'No, no,' exclaimed she in the deepest sorrow, 'they will never come back any more; the Russians are beaten in every place.' Until lately the lower classes were always convinced that the Emperor's troops were invincible, but it seems, by what she said, that even they have got to know something of the truth. A foreigner in St. Petersburg informed me that he had 'gone to see the recruits that morning, but there did not seem to be much patriotism among them: there was nothing but sobs and tears to be seen among those who were pronounced fit for service, whilst the rejected ones were frantic with delight, and bowed and crossed themselves with the greatest gratitude.' The most distressing scenes may be seen in the streets among the bands of recruits—they, their mothers and sisters, or wives, all weeping together as they walk along; for the women, with innate tenderness, accompany them for many miles out of the town, unwilling, until the very last moment, to bid the objects of their affection adieu for ever, whilst the latter, in entering the Russian army, like the condemned in Dante's 'Inferno,' leave all hope behind.

"In London we may walk through every street, and, from any indication we see of the fact, we should never guess that the nation was at war with anybody. It was far different in St. Petersburg when I left it; there not only every street but every house gave some intimation of the struggle in which they are engaged: trade was almost at a stand-still; scarcely any of the shops had customers in them; everybody seemed to be economizing their money lest poverty should come.

"Long lines of cannon and ammunition-waggons were drawn up here and there, outworks were being thrown up, parks of artillery were being dragged through the streets continually, regiments marching in and marching out, whilst whole armies were being sent to the Baltic provinces, which I was informed were to be occupied by 400,000 troops, but,

as the authority was a Russian one, there is no reason to believe it. Every morning, look out of the window at what hour I would, hundreds, nay thousands, of raw recruits, torn from their villages perhaps a thousand versts off, were tramping wearily along, with all their worldly riches in bundles at their back, with dresses wet and muddy, and faces stricken with grief, as they marched in the direction of the palace in order to receive the Emperor's approval."

Much as we are incensed against the Czar, our sympathies have not been greatly moved against him by the 'Englishwoman in Russia,' owing, we believe, to the tone and evident animus in which her narrative is written. We must confess, however, to having been uncommonly interested, notwithstanding its occasional romance.

The Life of P. T. Barnum. Written by Himself. Samson Low, Son, and Co.

MR. BARNUM's book is not only a remarkable piece of autobiography, but is welcome from the insight it gives into American life and character. As a record of personal adventure, the narrative is as entertaining as any novel. From the frankness and sincerity with which the writer unfolds the story of his life, and the minuteness with which he describes the management and issues of his numerous schemes, the book abounds with useful practical lessons to all who wish to push their way in the world. Even when Mr. Barnum's "business adventures" seem in themselves repulsive to more fastidious tastes and scrupulous consciences, every reader will admire the tact, shrewdness, and ability displayed by him, and the higher qualities of uprightness and liberality conspicuous in all his commercial engagements. No one will say that he does not deserve the success which he has obtained, though many would scruple to use the means employed by him. But Mr. Barnum has no sensitiveness on this score. He acknowledges that he is "the Prince of Humbugs," and even boasts that he raised that name upon himself. In his brief preface, the character of the man is honestly disclosed, and he gives a straightforward account of the tenor of his life, and of the spirit in which he now writes its history.

"I have been repeatedly urged within the last few years to write my life, being assured by publishers that such a work would have an extensive circulation, and by personal friends that it would be a readable book.

"In these pages I have given a true history of my many adventures, and the numerous enterprises in which I have been engaged.

"Those who peruse this volume will see that my career has been truly a checkered one. I have been a farmer's boy and a merchant, a clerk and a manager, a showman and a bank-president. I have been in jails and in palaces; have known poverty and abundance; have travelled over a large portion of the two Continents; have encountered all varieties of men, have seen every phase of human character; and I have on several occasions been in imminent personal peril.

"In all this I have had some sad experiences; but, on the whole, my life has been a merry one. I have looked chiefly on the bright side of things, and from the various anecdotes with which this volume is interspersed, some of my readers may think I have inclined too much to the ludicrous. For this an explanation may be found in my constitutional bias, the associations of my youth, and the nature of my pursuits. I trust, however, that in the comic incidents herein related, I have recorded nothing that will shock the feelings of the most fastidious, while many of them, producing

harmless laughter, will be found to convey a good practical lesson.

"It will be seen that I have not covered up my so-called 'humbugs,' but have given a full account even of such schemes as 'Joice Heth,' the 'Fejee Mermaid,' and the 'Woolly Horse,' while I trust that I have displayed no more than an honest pride in recounting the history of the American Museum and General Tom Thumb.

"The musical campaign of Jenny Lind, for which I have, on all hands, been thanked and congratulated, is herein minutely described.

"None of my enterprises, however, have been omitted, and though a portion of my 'confessions' may, by some, be considered injudicious, I prefer frankly to 'acknowledge the corn' wherever I have had a hand in plucking it."

As there are few by whom the book itself will not be read, we have no intention of tracing his life in detail, but merely present a few detached passages. Phineas Taylor Barnum was born in 1810, at Bethel, in the state of Connecticut. Of his childhood and his schoolboy days, and his early occupations, in work and business, he gives copious reminiscences. His propensities for money-making and his passion for speculation were early developed.

"My aversion to hand-work, on the farm or otherwise, continued to be manifested in various ways, all of which was generally set down to the score of laziness. I believe, indeed, I had the reputation of being the laziest boy in town, probably because I was always busy at head-work to evade the sentence of gaining bread by the sweat of the brow. In sheer despair of making anything better of me, my father concluded to try me as a merchant. He had previously erected a suitable building in Bethel, and taking Mr. Hiram Wood as a partner, they purchased a stock of dry goods, groceries, hardwares, and a thousand other 'notions,' and I was duly installed as clerk in a country store.

"Ours was a cash, credit, and barter store; and I drove many a sharp trade with old women who paid for their purchases in butter, eggs, beeswax, feathers and rags, and with men who exchanged for our commodities, hats, axe-helves, oats, corn, buckwheat, hickory-nuts, and other commodities. It was something of a drawback upon my dignity that I was compelled to sweep the store, take down the window-shutters, and make the fire; nevertheless the thought of being a 'merchant' fully compensated me for such menial duties.

"My propensities for money-making continued active as ever, and I asked and obtained the privilege of purchasing candles on my own account, to sell to the juvenile portion of our customers. I received a small salary for my services, (my father as usual stipulating that I should clothe myself,) and I intended to be faithful to my employers; but I have found, all through life, that whenever there are conflicting interests, men are very apt to think of self first, and so I fear it was with me,—for I well remember spending much time in urging indulgent mothers to buy candles for their darling children, when other customers were waiting to be served with more substantial articles of merchandise."

Lotteries at that period were very popular in America, and Mr. Barnum found in the management of them a capital field for his keenness and ingenuity. He gives very amusing anecdotes of his adventures in this line of business; of one especially, where he contrived to get rid of a tremendous accumulation of bottles and of tinware, which lumbered his village store.

"I headed the scheme with glaring capitals, written in my best hand, setting forth that it was a 'Magnificent Lottery!' '25 Dollars for only 50 Cents!!' 'Over 550 Prizes!!' Only 1000 Tickets!!!!' 'Goods put in at the lowest Cash Prices!!!!' &c., &c., &c.

"The tickets went like wildfire. Customers did not stop to consider the nature of the prizes. Journeymen hatters, boss hatters, apprentice boys, and hat trimming girls bought tickets. In ten days they were all sold. A day was fixed for the drawing of the lottery, and it came off punctually, as announced.

"The next day, and for several days thereafter, adventurers came for their prizes. A young lady who had drawn five dollars would find herself entitled to a piece of tape, a spool of cotton, a paper of pins, sixteen tin skimmers, cups, and nutmeg graters, and a few dozen glass bottles of various sizes! She would beg me to retain the glass and tinware, and pay her in some other goods, but was informed that such a proceeding would be contrary to the rules of the establishment, and could not be entertained for a moment.

"One man would find all his prizes to consist of tinware. Another would discover that out of twenty tickets he had drawn perhaps ten prizes, and that they consisted entirely of glass bottles. Some of the customers were vexed, but most of them laughed at the joke. The basket loads, the arms full, and the bags full of soiled tin and glass bottles, which were carried out of our store during the first few days after the lottery drawing, constituted a series of most ludicrous scenes. Scarcely a customer was permitted to depart without one or more specimens of tin or green glass. Within ten days every glass bottle had disappeared, and the old tinware was replaced by a smaller quantity as bright as silver."

Soon after this, Mr. Barnum got into a promising situation; but regular employment was not congenial to his tastes. We give some of his reflections on commercial habits in general, and on his own peculiarities of disposition in respect to business:—

"My employer manifested great interest in me, and treated me with the utmost kindness, but the situation did not suit me. The fact is, there are some persons so constituted that they can never be satisfied to labour for a fixed salary, let it be never so great. I am one of that sort. My disposition is, and ever was, of a speculative character, and I am never content to engage in any business unless it is of such a nature that my profits may be greatly enhanced by an increase of energy, perseverance, attention to business, tact, &c. As, therefore, I had no opportunity to speculate on my own account in this Brooklyn store, I soon became uneasy. Young as I was (and probably because I was so young), I began to think seriously of going into business for myself, and although I had no capital to start on, several men of means had offered to furnish the money and join me in business. I was just then at an uneasy age—in a transition state—neither boy nor man—an age when it is of the highest importance that a youth should have some discreet friend and instructor on whose good counsel he can rely. How self-conceited generally are boys from sixteen to eighteen years old! They feel they are fully competent to transact business which persons much older than they know requires many years' experience. This is the age, too, when the 'eighteen-year-old-fever' is apt to make fools of young men in other than a business point of view. Boys of this age, and girls of twelve to sixteen, are undoubtedly the most disagreeable persons in the world. They are so wild, so stubborn, and self-sufficient, that reflecting parents have great reason for deep anxiety as to the 'turn' which they may take."

After various adventures as store-keeper, lottery-agent, and editor of a local newspaper, 'The Herald of Freedom,' at Danbury, a neighbouring town, Mr. Barnum, by this time a married man with a young family, settled in New York.

"When I removed to New York, I had no pecuniary resources except such as were derived for old debts left in the hands of an agent in Bethel for collection.

"I had hoped to find an opening with some

mercantile firm in New York, when for my services I could receive a portion of the profits; for had I a disposition which ever revolted at labouring for a fixed salary. I wanted an opportunity where my faculties and energies could have full play, and where the amount of profits should depend entirely upon the amount of tact, perseverance, and energy which I contributed to the business. But I could not find the situation I coveted. My resources began to fail me, and, my family being in ill-health, I found it difficult to maintain them. In order to do so, I secured the situation of 'drummer' to several stores, including the cap and stock store of Mr. Chapman in Chatham-street, the proprietors of which allowed me a small commission on all sales which they made to customers whom I introduced.

"This of course was only a temporary arrangement, and, like 'Micawber,' I was continually on the look-out for something better to 'turn up.' Every morning at sunrise my eyes were running over the columns of 'Wants' in the New York 'Sun,' hoping to hit upon something that would suit me. Many is the wild-goose chase which I had in pursuit of a situation so beautifully and temptingly set forth among those 'Wants.' Fortunes, equalling that of Ceresus, and as plenty as blackberries, were dangling from many an advertisement which mysteriously invited the reader to apply at Room No. 16, in the fifth story of a house in some retired and uninviting locality; but when I had wended my way up flights of dark, rickety, greasy, stairs, and through sombre, narrow passages, I would find that my fortune depended firstly upon my advancing a certain sum of money, from three dollars to five hundred as the case might be; and secondly, upon my success in peddling a newly discovered life-pill, an ingenious mouse-trap, or something of the sort.

"I remember that, on one occasion, an advertisement was headed, 'Immense Speculation on a small capital!—10,000 dollars easily made in one year! Apply to Professor——, at Scudders's American Museum.'

"I had long fancied that I could succeed if I could get only hold of a public exhibition, and I hastened with all despatch to call on the kind Professor who held forth such flattering promises at the Museum."

Mr. Barnum failed for the present in this scheme, through want of funds; but every visitor to New York knows how in the far-famed American Museum he has realised his early dreams of being a great showman. His first public adventure in this line was the exhibition of the old negress, "Joice Heth," said to be 161 years of age, and to have been the nurse of Washington. The absurd effrontery of this imposition did not hinder it from obtaining great success. Many were the contrivances by which public curiosity and credulity were sustained. The press was the great agent in this, as in all Mr. Barnum's subsequent speculations. His remarks on this agency are worthy of being recorded:—

"I was aware of the great power of the public press, and I used it to the extent of my ability. Lyman wrote a brief memoir of Joice, and putting it into a pamphlet form, illustrated with her portrait, sold it to visitors on his own account, at six cents per copy.

"I had the same portrait printed on innumerable small bills, and also flooded the streets with 'posters,' setting forth the peculiar attractions which 'the nurse of Washington' presented."

Specimens are then given of the newspaper appeals to the curiosity and the patriotism of the American people, as in the following advertisement:—

"Joice Heth is unquestionably the most astonishing and interesting curiosity in the world. She was the slave of Augustine Washington (the father of George Washington), and was the first person who put clothes on the unconscious infant

who was destined in after days to lead our heroic fathers to glory, to victory, and to freedom. To use her own language, when speaking of her young master, George Washington, 'she raised him.'"

Next to Washington's nurse, the Fejee mermaid was the most extraordinary imposture with which Mr. Barnum deceived the public. The preparation for this show was thus managed through the press:—

"While Lyman was preparing public opinion on mermaids at the Pacific Hotel, I was industriously at work (though, of course privately) in getting up wood-cuts and transparencies, as well as a pamphlet, proving the authenticity of mermaids, all in the anticipation of the speedy exhibition of Dr. Griffin's specimen. I had three several and distinct pictures of mermaids engraved, and with a peculiar description written for each, had them inserted in 10,000 copies of the pamphlet which I had printed and quietly stored away in a back office until the time came to use them.

"I then called respectively on the editors of the 'New York Herald' and two of the Sunday papers, and tendered to each the free use of a mermaid cut, with a well-written description, for their papers of the ensuing Sunday. I informed each editor that I had hoped to use this cut in showing the Fejee mermaid, but since Mr. Griffin had announced that, as agent for the Lyceum of Natural History, he could not permit it to be exhibited in America, my chance seemed dubious, and therefore he was welcome to the use of the engraving and description. The three mermaids made their appearance in the three different papers on the morning of Sunday, July 17, 1842.

"Each editor supposed he was giving his readers an exclusive treat in the mermaid line; but when they came to discover that I had played the same game with the three different papers, they pronounced it a scaly trick.

"The mermaid fever was now getting pretty well up. Few city readers had missed seeing at least one of the illustrations; and as the several printed descriptions made direct allusions to the mermaid of Mr. Griffin, now in town, a desire to see it was generally prevailing. My 10,000 pamphlets were then put into hands of boys, and sold at a penny each (half the cost) in all the principal hotels, stores, &c., &c.

"When I thought that the public was thoroughly 'posted up' on the subject of mermaids, I sent an agent to engage Concert Hall, Broadway, for the exhibition."

Some apologies are made for the deception used in this manufactured specimen, the body of a fish curiously joined to a monkey's head. In this, as in other practices on public credulity, Mr. Barnum might have been satisfied with the reply of the Roman Catholic priest to a Protestant friend who was expostulating with him as to practising the fraud of Transubstantiation, *Populus vult decipi, et decipitur*. Many will read with curiosity a document entitled 'Barnum's Rules for Success in Business,' which he contributed to a work by Mr. Freedley, of Philadelphia, 'A Practical Treatise on Business,' and now republished in his own autobiography. Most of the maxims are trite and simple, enforcing truth, honesty, diligence, sobriety, economy, and other practical virtues. We quote the advice on the subject of advertising:—

"8. *Advertise your business.* Do not hide your light under a bushel. Whatever your occupation or calling may be, if it need support from the public, advertise it thoroughly and efficiently, in some shape or other, that will arrest public attention. I freely confess that what success I have had in my life may fairly be attributed more to the public press than to nearly all other causes combined. There may possibly be occupations that do not require advertising, but I cannot well conceive what they are."

"Men in business will sometimes tell you that they have tried advertising, and that it did not pay. This is only when advertising is done sparingly and grudgingly. Homoeopathic doses of advertising will not pay perhaps—it is like half a potion of physic, making the patient sick, but effecting nothing. Administer liberally, and the cure will be sure and permanent.

"Some say, 'they cannot afford to advertise;' they mistake—they cannot afford *not* to advertise. In this country, where everybody reads the newspaper, the man must have a thick skull who does not see that these are the cheapest and best mediums through which he can speak to the public, where he is to find his customers. Put on the appearance of business, and generally the reality will follow. The farmer plants his seed, and while he is sleeping, his corn and potatoes are growing. So with advertising. While you are sleeping, or eating, or conversing with one set of customers, your advertisement is being read by hundreds and thousands of persons who never saw you, nor heard of your business, and never would, had it not been for your advertisement appearing in the newspapers.

"The business men of this country do not, as a general thing, appreciate the advantages of advertising thoroughly. Occasionally the public are aroused at witnessing the success of a Swaim, a Brandreth, a Townsend, a Genin, or a Root, and express astonishment at the rapidity with which these gentlemen acquire fortunes, not reflecting that the same path is open to all who *dare* pursue it. But it needs *nerve* and *faith*. The former to enable you to launch out thousands on the uncertain waters of the future; the latter, to teach you that after many days it shall surely return, bringing an hundred or a thousand fold to him who appreciates the advantages of 'printer's ink' properly applied."

A large portion of Mr. Barnum's book is occupied with a report of his more legitimate speculations, among which the exhibition of General Tom Thumb, and the engagement of Jenny Lind were the most conspicuous. Of Jenny Lind many new and pleasing anecdotes are told, and a full account is given of her public appearances in the New World. Although Mr. Barnum has been chiefly known to the public from his practical jokes and ingenious speculations, it is only fair to add, that in private life he is respected as a worthy man and a good citizen. In the Temperance movement, and other measures of social reform in the United States, he has taken an active and influential part; and while most keenly alive to his own interest, he has often proved a generous and liberal friend to others.

Afraja, a Norwegian and Lapland Tale; or, Life and Love in Norway. Translated from the German of Theodore Mügge by Edward Joy Morris. Sampson Low, Son, and Co.

Tales of Flemish Life. By Hendrik Conscience. Constable and Co.

THESE volumes introduce the reader pleasantly to scenes of life in two of the northern Teutonic countries of Europe. The Norwegian tale is translated by an American author, and has been already published in the United States at Philadelphia. It will be welcome to readers in England from the novelty of the scenes where the fiction is laid, and from the interest attaching to the manners and customs of the people. Afraja in the story is the name of the chief of the Laplanders. A young Danish nobleman, John Marstrand, domesticated in the country of the Lapps, loves Ilda, daughter of a rich old trader, Helgestad, but is beloved by Gula, daughter of Afraja. Ilda is noble, dignified, high-minded, while Gula is

gentle, cheerful, charming. We must tell nothing of the tale, but only quote one short passage, in which a Lapland homestead is described:—

"Gula placed her hand upon her brow as if she called something to her recollection, and continued, 'My father is well-disposed towards you; he is mightily rich—richer than Helgestad. Ask of him what you will, and he will secure it to you.'

"Where is your father?"

"Here!" answered a voice from the hollow of the rock, and there stood Afraja, leaning upon his tall staff, his sharp-pointed cap upon his large ugly head, looking sharply at him with his cunning eyes.

"You are welcome to my land," said he; "and I thank you for coming." He extended his right hand to his guest, laughing after his manner. "You discovered the way, which is difficult to find; but I was certain it would not long remain concealed from you. Now you are here in Jubinal's paradise; I hope it may please you."

"Did Jubinal once dwell here?" asked Marstrand.

"He dwells here yet," replied Afraja, earnestly. "He suffers the flowers to bloom, and stretches his protecting hand over all that lives in this valley. When the Kilpis lies buried in ice and snow, and all the springs are frozen, the brook flows on, as it does now, and my herds find as much food as they need."

"Marstrand could have made many objections, for he knew of a certainty that this secluded valley must, as well as all the other valleys, be covered with snow; but it was surely a lovely, sheltered spot, and he heartily expressed his surprise, which the old chief seemed gratified to hear.

"You speak truly," said he; "but there is many another that would please you better." His eyes lighted upon Gula, and, while he smoothed her hair with his hand, he whispered some words to her, and then continued aloud, "We will go; I will show you my animals, while the maiden will take care to prepare for your proper reception."

"Gula ran away, at a sign from her father, with a warm glance at her friend. The tame white reindeer bounded after her, and Afraja conducted his guest through the windings of the valley, climbing with him up a high wall of stones and broken rocks, by the side of which the rushing water forced its way in a deep, overgrown gorge. Marstrand now found himself upon the high, mossy plain, opposite to the Saita-stone, where he had passed the night. The tent had disappeared, having only been put up for him; but at his feet, upon the edge of the woody ravine, five other tents were erected, and before them extended an enclosure of birch-branches and hurdle-work, within which was a crowd of antlered milk-cows.

"For the first time, he was in the midst of the domestic mountain life of a Lappish encampment. The great herd within the enclosure was more than a thousand head strong; and on that day the Autumn mustering was held. More than a dozen men and women appeared to be engaged in milking, while many others were driving the refractory animals to the milking-ground. Only a part of them voluntarily came forward to have their swollen udders emptied, most of them seeking to run off; but no South American Indian could more surely throw his lasso than these shepherds their forty to fifty-foot long nooses, which never failed to fall upon the horns of the animals at which they were aimed. They were then led, without any further resistance, into the enclosure, where they were milked and set at liberty; or Mortuno, accompanied by two experienced aids, went around, and selecting out the fattest and largest for sale at the next market, designated them by a mark on the skin. The young animals stood in a close heap; the calves gambolled around their mothers, chasing each other, and bleating for joy, until recalled by the old ones, who impatiently waited until the herd was set at liberty. The bells of the guiding beasts sounded melodiously, and the men and women sang

at their labour. Laughter and rejoicing prevailed everywhere. The shepherds ran, with great vessels of milk, to the storehouse-gamme, and then again to a double-built tent, which seemed to be the family or dwelling-house, and from which, as the covering was thrown back, the bright glow of the fire was seen, beneath a column of smoke. All these tents or gammes were built simply, for they consisted of nothing but eight or nine tolerably high posts, uniting in a point, and forming a circle beneath. A roof of coarse brown canvas overhung the whole structure, which was further secured by some strips of twisted leather and wooden pins, to render them better able to resist stormy gusts of wind. In some gammes, the tent-covers were oiled; all were in good condition, and near the largest were suspended articles of furniture, wooden bowls, and pieces of clothing. Marstrand looked upon this spectacle of the shepherd and domestic life of the dwellers of the desert with a curious pleasure.

"The day was clear, the sky beautifully blue, and the sun warming and golden in its light, in spite of the earliness of the morning and the movement of the wind. Afraja left him to his own reflections, for he was soon called back by Mortuno and the other men, to decide upon the choice of animals.

"Thus passes human existence," said Marstrand, after he had sat some time on the stone and looked around; "there in palaces, here in huts; with one on silk cushions, with another on the rude rock and snow; and what seems to the spoiled child of luxury frightful misery, is happiness and enjoyment to the son of nature. But I can now comprehend," he continued, as Afraja returned, "why the poor Bö and fish Lapps on the coast envy you so much. There is a great superiority in such a free shepherd life over the dreary life in a clay hut."

The tragical scenes of the latter part of the tale, as well as the accounts of the grosser idolatry and barbarism of the Laplanders, belong to periods of history now far remote. While the story itself is full of touching incidents of life and love, the descriptions of the country are true to nature, and the notices of the Lapland rovers and the Nordland settlers on the coast are extremely interesting.

The tales of Hendrik Conscience present pictures of Flemish life in our own times. Passing travellers and tourists may know little of the customs and manners of such a country, nor are such subjects revealed in books of formal history and narrative. In tales of social and domestic life, a skilful writer, while affording amusement, can agreeably convey information; and this is done in the present volume. We give the commencement of one of the tales,—that of 'Blind Rosa.' The two travellers, we may premise, were Hendrik Conscience and John Van Beers, a Flemish lyric poet, author of 'De Zieke Jongeling,' and other poems.

"On a beautiful day in the autumn of 1846, the Diligence rolled as usual over the highway between Antwerp and Turnout. Suddenly the driver pulled up, not far from a lonely tavern, and descending from his box, opened the carriage door. Two young travellers sprang out upon the road, laughing, rejoicing, and swinging about their arms like two birds just escaped from a long imprisonment. They looked at the trees and the beautiful blue autumnal air with the cheerful, bright expression of people who have left the crowded city, and would now fain inhale with their breath the whole of broad, laughing nature. Suddenly the younger of the two turned his face towards the fields, while his face shone with poetic enthusiasm.

"Listen, listen!" he said.

"From behind the fir-clumps there came the sound of distant music. The measure was so light and gay, that one was compelled to associate it with the quick beating of dancers' feet.

"The younger companion pointed with silent delight towards the pine-copse, and then exclaimed in a jocular way,—

"Oh! hark to the sound of the fiddle and horn,
The dance and the song—'tis a festal morn.
Oh! little they reck of dull care or of sorrow:
They will laugh for the day—tho' they weep on the morrow."

"Come, come, friend John, your inspiration is premature. It is probably only the new burgo-master whom they are inaugurating."

"No, no, that is no official merriment. Let us go and see the peasant girls dancing—it is so wonderfully pretty."

"We shall first drink a glass of beer with mine host Joostens, and ask him what is going on in the village."

"And defraud ourselves of the pleasure of surprise? Prose!"

"The travellers entered the tavern, and both burst into a loud laugh the moment they had put their heads into the room."

"Mine host Joostens stood in front of the fireplace, as straight as an arrow, and as stiff as a log. His long brown, copious Sunday-coat hung round him, reaching to his feet. He greeted the guests with a constrained smile, in which appeared a certain perplexity, for he dared not move his head in the least, as his high, stiff shirt-collar took every opportunity of pinching him behind the ears. When the travellers entered, he called out with impatience, but without the slightest movement of his head,—

"Zanna, Zanna, I hear the music. Did I not tell you that you would be too late?"

"Zanna came running into the room with a great basketful of flowers. Oh! she was so beautiful with her folded lace-cap, her gown of pilot-cloth, the great golden heart upon her breast, and the dear little ear-rings! Her face was red with joy and delighted anticipation; it looked like a gigantic flower which was just on the point of unfolding its petals."

"A majestic peony opening its cup on a beautiful May-day!" whispered the younger."

"Meanwhile she had fetched two glasses of beer, and then hastened out of the house with her flowers, singing and laughing as she went. With the greatest impatience mine host now shouted,—

"Beth, Beth, if you do not come down at once, I shall go alone, as true as I stand here!"

"Just at this moment the old clock which hung on the wall, pointed to nine, and a bird's voice called in a plaintive tone—"Cuckoo! cuckoo! cuckoo!"

"What is the meaning of that?" asked one of the travellers. "You have sold the clock, I suppose, which used to hang here, to be tormented all the year round with that detestable song?"

"Yes, yes," said mine host with a cunning smile, "laugh at the bird as you please; it brings me fifty Dutch florins a year, and a *bunder* of good land into the bargain."

"In the distance, four gun-shots resounded at equal intervals."

"O Heavens!" cried mine host, "the fest has begun. The wife wears my very life away with her off-putting and dawdling!"

"But, mine host Joostens," asked the other traveller, "what is afoot here? Is it the church-fest to-day? That would be singular on a Thursday. Or is the king coming?"

"Things of far greater importance, sir, are going on here to-day: the like was never heard before! If you only knew it, you would not require this time at least—to draw long bows and invent lies in order to fill your books. And this old cuckoo, too, has something to do with the tale of Blind Rosa."

"Blind Rosa!" cried the younger companion with joyful surprise. "What a beautiful title! It would be a good pendant to the *Zieke Jongeling*."

The Tales of Flemish Life are published in Constable's new Miscellany of Foreign Literature, forming the third volume of that cheap

and excellent series of works. Jokai's 'Hungarian Sketches in Peace and War,' and Hettner's 'Athens and the Peloponnese,' are the volumes which have already appeared.

NOTICES.

Edward Irving, an Ecclesiastical and Literary Biography. By Washington Wilks, author of 'A History of the Half-Century,' &c. Freeman.

To those who did not personally know Edward Irving, or who are not intimately acquainted with his history, this volume will convey sufficient biographical details. The copious extracts from his published works also form an acceptable feature of the book. But as a life of Irving, the work is very unsatisfactory. We doubt if a proper biography of that remarkable man will ever now appear. Those who are best qualified for undertaking such a work would shrink from a task which would awaken most melancholy and painful recollections. It is better, on the whole, that his memory should remain enveloped in the vague dimness of traditional respect, which at present conceals from view what it is undesirable to dwell on in his history. The best things about Irving which we remember to have read, are Carlyle's sketch in his miscellanies, and a brief tribute of honourable eulogy in an anniversary sermon at Regent Square Church, by Mr. Irving's successor, Dr. James Hamilton. In these two fragments, the intellectual power and the moral excellence of the Scottish preacher are graphically portrayed. Some of Irving's writings are worthy of study from their style as well as their subjects. His taste was formed on the classic models of English literature, as he thus declares in replying to the attacks of some dull critics. "I have been accused of affecting the antiquated manner of ages and times now forgotten. The writers of those times are too much forgotten, I lament; and their style of writing hath fallen much out of use; but the time is fast approaching when this stigma shall be wiped away from our prose, as it is fast departing from our poetry. I fear not to confess that Hooker, and Taylor, and Baxter, in theology; Bacon, and Newton, and Locke, in philosophy; have been my companions, as Shakspeare, and Spenser, and Milton, have been in poetry. I cannot learn to think as they have done, which is the gift of God; but I can teach myself to think as disinterestedly, and to express as honestly what I think and feel; which I have, in the strength of God, endeavoured to do. They are my models of men—of Englishmen—of authors. My conscience could find none so worthy, and the world hath acknowledged none worthier. They were the fountains of my English idiom; they taught me forms for expressing my feelings; they showed me the construction of sentences, and the majestic flow of continuous discourse. I perceived a sweetness in every thought, and a harmony in joining thought to thought; and through the whole there ran a strain of melodious feeling, which ravished the soul as a vocal melody ravished the ear. Their books were to me like a concert of every sweet instrument of the soul, and heart, and strength, and mind. They seemed to think, and feel, and imagine, and reason, all at once; and the result is, to take the whole man captive in the chains of sweetest persuasion." Mr. Wilks closes his memoir with a glowing account of the religious community formed by the followers of Mr. Irving in his latter days. The writer's mind is quite carried away with the music, and incense, and ceremonies of the Catholic Apostolic Church, with its 'ardent young evangelists,' and 'black-vested deacons,' its prayers for the dead, its belief in the real presence, and its 'devotion without doctrine.' A sentimental religionist like this could not have written a worthy life of Edward Irving.

The Official Handbook of Church and State. A New and thoroughly Revised Edition. Murray. In this handbook the reader will find far more than a mere official directory and a repository of dry statistics. The book contains historical

accounts of the duties and powers of the different departments of the British government; of the crown, the legislature, and the various civil, military, judicial, and ecclesiastical authorities of the realm. It is a work valuable for study, as well as useful for reference. The present edition contains much additional matter, and is revised and corrected, so as to form an authentic statement and trustworthy record of the affairs of which it treats.

Food and its Adulterations, comprising the Report of the Analytical Sanitary Commission of the 'Lancet.' From 1851 to 1854 inclusive. By Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D. Illustrated by 159 engravings. Longman and Co.

The papers composing this volume have already obtained much notoriety as they appeared in the columns of our medical cotemporary. They are now published in collected form, with careful revision and large additions. The illustrations show the minute structures of the substances examined, and of the materials used for adulteration. Dr. Hassall, as chief analyst of the commission, directed the inquiries, which have proved of good service to the public, and brought no damage, either to the revenue or to honest merchants and tradesmen. The volume as now published, forms a valuable book of reference on commercial as well as chemical and dietetic subjects.

SUMMARY.

A NEW edition, the third, complete in one volume, is published (Bentley) of *Our Antipodes; or, Residence and Rambles in the Australian Colonies*, by Lieut.-Colonel Mundy. After all that has been written about Australia and the regions of the Antipodes, Colonel Mundy's book is one of the most instructive, as well as entertaining, and this handsome and convenient, as well as cheaper, edition of the work will delight many new readers.

In the second volume of *Chaucer's Works*, edited by Robert Bell, in the annotated edition of the 'English Poets' (J. W. Parker and Son), the text is prepared with diligent care from recension of the best authorities, and the notes are numerous and valuable.

The eighth number of the *Proceedings of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Liverpool*, during the forty-third session (Deighton and Laughton), among many miscellaneous articles of interest, contains a most important paper on 'Great Circle Sailing, and on the best course for Australian Voyages,' by Mr. J. T. Towson, of Liverpool, who occupies a distinguished place in the history of the improved system of scientific navigation of recent years. The steam communication with Australia will not prove a failure if the principles enforced by Mr. Towson are acted on by navigators. An appendix to this volume of the 'Transactions' contains an article on the 'Fauna of Liverpool,' by Isaac Byerley, F.L.S. Of the 'Flora of the District,' Dr. Dickinson has already published a record, and Mr. Byerley's labours in preparing a local Fauna will be appreciated by naturalists. In some departments Mr. Byerley has had little more to do than to collect and arrange the facts scattered through periodicals and other previous works, but he has contributed many additional facts, and the researches in the marine zoology of the district are almost entirely new.

In the *War Almanack for 1855* (H. C. Clarke and Co.), many details are given on subjects to which public attention is at present directed. Among the contents are memoirs of general and flag officers; services of staff officers in the Crimea; chronology of the war; stations of Her Majesty's ships; distribution of the army and militia. The official despatches from the seat of war, up to the date of publication, are appended.

To the school series of books, edited by the Rev. G. R. Gleig, Inspector-General of Military Schools (Longman and Co.), is added a *Manual of Experimental Chemistry*, by Thomas Tate, F.R.A.S., with illustrations and diagrams.

In a neatly prepared and interesting volume, *The Monastery and the Mountain Church*, by the author

of 'Sunlight through the Mist,' with illustrations (Murray), the histories of Mère Angélique and of the ruins of Port Royal, and of Oberlin, the good pastor of the Baer de la Roche, are presented in the form of a story-book for children.

A little Christmas book, *The Green-Eyed Monster* (J. Cooke), inculcates openness of disposition and kindness of feeling.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Antipodes, 3 vols., post 8vo, cloth, £1 11s. 6d.
 Arrowsmith's Geographical Dictionary of the Scriptures, 15s.
 Ashton Cottage, 2nd edition, 18mo, cloth, 1s. 6d.
 Bell's Poets, Vol. 13, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Californian Cruise, fcap., cloth, 3s. 6d.
 Catholic Legends, 12mo, boards, 2s. 6d.
 Dod's Peetrage, 12mo, cloth, 1855, 10s. 6d.
 Dyer's (F. N.) Stepson, 2 vols., fcap., cloth, 12s.
 Fabiola, 12mo, boards, 3s.
 Fly Leaves, 12mo, cloth, 2nd series, 2s. 6d.
 Fraser's (W.) Parish Sermons, 12mo, cloth, 2s. 6d.
 Fullarton's (G.) Life of St. Frances, 12mo, boards, 2s. 6d.
 Galloway's (W. B.) Messiah, 8vo, cloth, 5s. 6d.
 Hassall (Dr.) on Food, 8vo, cloth, £1 8s.
 Heroines of Charity, 12mo, boards, 2s. 6d.
 Hogg's Instructor, 8vo, cloth, Vol. 3, 6s. 6d.
 Horses and Hounds, by Scrutator, 8vo, boards, 5s.
 Huc's China, 2 vols., 8vo, cloth, £1 4s.
 Introductory Sketch of Sacred History, 8vo, cloth, 7s. 6d.
 Jesse's Court of England under the Stuarts, crown 8vo, cl., 6s.
 Johnson's Poets, 8vo, cloth, Vol. 3, 7s. 6d.
 Kempis's Imitation of Christ, fcap., cloth, new edition, 5s.
 Library of Christian Biography, Vol. 1, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10, 11, 12, 13, 14, 15, 16, 17, 18, 19, 20, 21, 22, 23, 24, 25, 26, 27, 28, 29, 30, 31, 32, 33, 34, 35, 36, 37, 38, 39, 40, 41, 42, 43, 44, 45, 46, 47, 48, 49, 50, 51, 52, 53, 54, 55, 56, 57, 58, 59, 60, 61, 62, 63, 64, 65, 66, 67, 68, 69, 70, 71, 72, 73, 74, 75, 76, 77, 78, 79, 80, 81, 82, 83, 84, 85, 86, 87, 88, 89, 90, 91, 92, 93, 94, 95, 96, 97, 98, 99, 100, 101, 102, 103, 104, 105, 106, 107, 108, 109, 110, 111, 112, 113, 114, 115, 116, 117, 118, 119, 120, 121, 122, 123, 124, 125, 126, 127, 128, 129, 130, 131, 132, 133, 134, 135, 136, 137, 138, 139, 140, 141, 142, 143, 144, 145, 146, 147, 148, 149, 150, 151, 152, 153, 154, 155, 156, 157, 158, 159, 160, 161, 162, 163, 164, 165, 166, 167, 168, 169, 170, 171, 172, 173, 174, 175, 176, 177, 178, 179, 180, 181, 182, 183, 184, 185, 186, 187, 188, 189, 190, 191, 192, 193, 194, 195, 196, 197, 198, 199, 200, 201, 202, 203, 204, 205, 206, 207, 208, 209, 210, 211, 212, 213, 214, 215, 216, 217, 218, 219, 220, 221, 222, 223, 224, 225, 226, 227, 228, 229, 230, 231, 232, 233, 234, 235, 236, 237, 238, 239, 240, 241, 242, 243, 244, 245, 246, 247, 248, 249, 250, 251, 252, 253, 254, 255, 256, 257, 258, 259, 260, 261, 262, 263, 264, 265, 266, 267, 268, 269, 270, 271, 272, 273, 274, 275, 276, 277, 278, 279, 280, 281, 282, 283, 284, 285, 286, 287, 288, 289, 290, 291, 292, 293, 294, 295, 296, 297, 298, 299, 300, 301, 302, 303, 304, 305, 306, 307, 308, 309, 310, 311, 312, 313, 314, 315, 316, 317, 318, 319, 320, 321, 322, 323, 324, 325, 326, 327, 328, 329, 330, 331, 332, 333, 334, 335, 336, 337, 338, 339, 340, 341, 342, 343, 344, 345, 346, 347, 348, 349, 350, 351, 352, 353, 354, 355, 356, 357, 358, 359, 360, 361, 362, 363, 364, 365, 366, 367, 368, 369, 370, 371, 372, 373, 374, 375, 376, 377, 378, 379, 380, 381, 382, 383, 384, 385, 386, 387, 388, 389, 390, 391, 392, 393, 394, 395, 396, 397, 398, 399, 400, 401, 402, 403, 404, 405, 406, 407, 408, 409, 410, 411, 412, 413, 414, 415, 416, 417, 418, 419, 420, 421, 422, 423, 424, 425, 426, 427, 428, 429, 430, 431, 432, 433, 434, 435, 436, 437, 438, 439, 440, 441, 442, 443, 444, 445, 446, 447, 448, 449, 450, 451, 452, 453, 454, 455, 456, 457, 458, 459, 460, 461, 462, 463, 464, 465, 466, 467, 468, 469, 470, 471, 472, 473, 474, 475, 476, 477, 478, 479, 480, 481, 482, 483, 484, 485, 486, 487, 488, 489, 490, 491, 492, 493, 494, 495, 496, 497, 498, 499, 500, 501, 502, 503, 504, 505, 506, 507, 508, 509, 510, 511, 512, 513, 514, 515, 516, 517, 518, 519, 520, 521, 522, 523, 524, 525, 526, 527, 528, 529, 530, 531, 532, 533, 534, 535, 536, 537, 538, 539, 540, 541, 542, 543, 544, 545, 546, 547, 548, 549, 550, 551, 552, 553, 554, 555, 556, 557, 558, 559, 560, 561, 562, 563, 564, 565, 566, 567, 568, 569, 570, 571, 572, 573, 574, 575, 576, 577, 578, 579, 580, 581, 582, 583, 584, 585, 586, 587, 588, 589, 590, 591, 592, 593, 594, 595, 596, 597, 598, 599, 600, 601, 602, 603, 604, 605, 606, 607, 608, 609, 610, 611, 612, 613, 614, 615, 616, 617, 618, 619, 620, 621, 622, 623, 624, 625, 626, 627, 628, 629, 630, 631, 632, 633, 634, 635, 636, 637, 638, 639, 640, 641, 642, 643, 644, 645, 646, 647, 648, 649, 650, 651, 652, 653, 654, 655, 656, 657, 658, 659, 660, 661, 662, 663, 664, 665, 666, 667, 668, 669, 670, 671, 672, 673, 674, 675, 676, 677, 678, 679, 680, 681, 682, 683, 684, 685, 686, 687, 688, 689, 690, 691, 692, 693, 694, 695, 696, 697, 698, 699, 700, 701, 702, 703, 704, 705, 706, 707, 708, 709, 710, 711, 712, 713, 714, 715, 716, 717, 718, 719, 720, 721, 722, 723, 724, 725, 726, 727, 728, 729, 730, 731, 732, 733, 734, 735, 736, 737, 738, 739, 740, 741, 742, 743, 744, 745, 746, 747, 748, 749, 750, 751, 752, 753, 754, 755, 756, 757, 758, 759, 760, 761, 762, 763, 764, 765, 766, 767, 768, 769, 770, 771, 772, 773, 774, 775, 776, 777, 778, 779, 780, 781, 782, 783, 784, 785, 786, 787, 788, 789, 790, 791, 792, 793, 794, 795, 796, 797, 798, 799, 800, 801, 802, 803, 804, 805, 806, 807, 808, 809, 810, 811, 812, 813, 814, 815, 816, 817, 818, 819, 820, 821, 822, 823, 824, 825, 826, 827, 828, 829, 830, 831, 832, 833, 834, 835, 836, 837, 838, 839, 840, 841, 842, 843, 844, 845, 846, 847, 848, 849, 850, 851, 852, 853, 854, 855, 856, 857, 858, 859, 860, 861, 862, 863, 864, 865, 866, 867, 868, 869, 870, 871, 872, 873, 874, 875, 876, 877, 878, 879, 880, 881, 882, 883, 884, 885, 886, 887, 888, 889, 890, 891, 892, 893, 894, 895, 896, 897, 898, 899, 900, 901, 902, 903, 904, 905, 906, 907, 908, 909, 910, 911, 912, 913, 914, 915, 916, 917, 918, 919, 920, 921, 922, 923, 924, 925, 926, 927, 928, 929, 930, 931, 932, 933, 934, 935, 936, 937, 938, 939, 940, 941, 942, 943, 944, 945, 946, 947, 948, 949, 950, 951, 952, 953, 954, 955, 956, 957, 958, 959, 960, 961, 962, 963, 964, 965, 966, 967, 968, 969, 970, 971, 972, 973, 974, 975, 976, 977, 978, 979, 980, 981, 982, 983, 984, 985, 986, 987, 988, 989, 990, 991, 992, 993, 994, 995, 996, 997, 998, 999, 1000.

BRITISH ARCHÆOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION.

It is an old proverb that "when things come to the worst they begin to mend." The strife of the British Archæological Association is coming to as bad an issue as it well can do. May we hope that it will lead to a reconciliation. At the next meeting of the Council, on the 24th instant, two parties of members threaten to send in their resignations—those who side with Mr. Hugo, and insist upon the affairs of the Association being conducted in a more constitutional manner, and those who are indifferent to the views of either party, and dislike to be mixed up with anything like squabbling. The following Form of Resignation has been printed and circulated by the seceding members:—

"To the Council of the British Archæological Association.

"The Undersigned hereby give notice to the Council of the British Archæological Association, that they resign their several offices and positions in that Society, and require that their names be forthwith removed from its List of Members.

"They have arrived at this conclusion for the following reasons:—

"1. Because the Treasurer, Mr. T. J. Pettigrew, has repeatedly set at defiance the Laws of the Association, by interfering with and usurping the duties of the Secretaries, and by acting without the authority of the Council; and has been the cause thereby of frequent quarrels and dissensions both between Members of the Association, and between it and other gentlemen, to its continual, incalculable, and irreparable detriment.

"2. Because an assemblage, styled an 'Extraordinary General Meeting,' was convened by notices purporting to issue from the Secretaries, which, however, two out of the three had never sanctioned; and purporting also to issue in pursuance of an alleged requisition which the two officers aforementioned had never seen, though their names were without their knowledge appended to the said notices in attestation of their having done so.

"3. Because the said notices, though for a meeting stated to be 'General,' were forwarded to a section of the Members only.

"4. Because the proceedings of the said meeting were characterised by the grossest partiality and injustice; the chairman, Mr. F. H. Davis, having refused to hear several gentlemen who were known to be opposed to the party which he avowedly favoured, and having taken no steps to restrain the clamour with which those gentlemen were assailed.

"5. Because the said proceedings have resulted in the loss of an officer, whose sole offence consists in vindicating the indubitable rights of himself and his colleagues, and in resisting the Treasurer's illegal invasion of those rights.

"6. Because they feel that under the present systematic misgovernment of the Association there exists no possible guarantee against the repetition of similar evils.

"London, 20th December, 1854.

"The promise of a considerable number of signatures has been already received; and any gentleman who may desire to add his name to the list is respectfully requested to signify the same to the Rev. Thomas Hugo, 57, Bishopsgate-street Within, or to Charles Baily, Esq., 72, Gracechurch-street, London, on or before Tuesday, the 23rd of January next."

"London, 20th December, 1854"

The following letter, from a country member of the Association, will serve as an instance of the feeling of those who resign from their dislike of civil contentions:—

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

"Sir,—If I did not entertain a hope of communicating a suggestion that will conduce to heal the unfortunate squabble in the Archæological Association, I should not trouble you on a subject which you have wisely advised should be suffered to drop.

"I know little of the merits of the case beyond the fact which appears on the surface, that Mr. Hugo has been harshly treated, nor should I have ventured to offer any remarks, were it not for that gentleman's feeling allusion to the interference with his sacred duties which such matters involve. If he will condescend to be guided by a slight acquaintance but true friend, let me urge the danger incurred by professional men of losing ground in the estimation of the judicious by mixing themselves up with these undignified squabbles, no matter whether they are in the right or in the wrong. They may depend upon it, whether physicians or architects, they lose patients or clients from the strong feeling entertained by the public that professional men, who engage in public disputation, are not paying that undivided attention to business which now-a-days is quite necessary to insure success. If a clergyman does not lose money or clients by this, he loses in the estimation of the large number who dislike to see their ministers engaged in secular wrangling.

"A continuance of the struggle can but make matters worse, and the feeling on both sides still more bitter, giving, perhaps, also some countenance to the report that Mr. Hugo is co-operating with acknowledged enemies of the Association. His friends should take the matter up, not forgetting that much is due to Mr. Hugo himself in the event of his retiring; and in that case let those who think with me give their guineas to Mr. Hugo instead of to the Association, as a personal testimony of regard on his retirement. Such a course would settle all well—leave the fragment of the Association to itself, and place Mr. Hugo in a most advantageous position. A repetition of the struggle would probably alienate some of those, including myself, who now wish him well, but who are reluctant to assist a talented minister of the Gospel in wasting the most promising part of his life in an unseemly and profitless secular contest.

"A COUNTRY MEMBER."

Mr. Pettigrew and Mr. Hugo are, we think, both equally deserving a testimonial for their zeal

in the cause of archæological science; but the former has been over-zealous, arising, it may be, out of the too easy nature or inanity of some former secretary; and would it not be better for both parties to give way, and agree together in friendship to conduct the future business of the Association on a more constitutional and defined basis. A house divided against itself cannot stand, and the British Archæological Association cannot hope to survive a contention in which the contending forces are so equally balanced.

TOPICS OF THE WEEK.

A curious contest has been carried on this week in the columns of 'The Times,' between Mr. John Dickenson, the well-known paper-maker, and Messrs. Smith and Son, land surveyors, on the one hand, and Mr. Tite, the city architect, on the other, in reference to the vacant space of ground in the south-eastern corner of St. Paul's Churchyard. Mr. Tite values it at nearly 90,000*l.*, but undertakes to say that 60,000*l.*, would be accepted for it, while Messrs. Dickenson and Smith contend that it is only worth 30,000*l.* Whatever may prove to be its value, we heartily concur in the concluding paragraph of Mr. Dickenson's letter containing a suggestion for its purchase:—"The practical and just mode would be to have the valuation decided in the usual form, and then set on foot a subscription, in which I should join in the same liberal spirit as Mr. Tite; and from what he sets forth as to the astounding value of city property, I should think that the owners of it would be sufficiently disposed to testify their public spirit and love for the fine arts by making up the fair amount necessary to prevent the corporation from perpetrating an act of Vandalism."

To the memorial of the Town Council of Aberdeen on the union of the two universities of that city, Lord Elcho has replied on the part of the Government. As regards the nature of the union, the Government are of opinion that the colleges ought to be united as well as the universities, without which a right disposition of professorial chairs and an academical course complete in all its branches would not be attained. It is very wisely intimated that in any legislative measure details ought to be avoided, and that the bill ought simply to establish the constitution, and define the relative and respective powers of the different governing bodies of the united university. It is also suggested that the constitution should be conceived in a liberal spirit, admitting all graduates to a share in the government, so as to secure their feeling through life an interest in its prosperity. All details ought therefore to be left for the decision, in the first place, of Commissioners appointed for a limited number of years; and afterwards to be regulated by the Council of the University, with whom power would be vested to alter and improve the college administration within the general limits of the fundamental constitution of the university. The Government profess their willingness to introduce a bill on these principles, if likely to be supported by those interested in the settlement of the question.

From Cambridge we learn that the Rev. Harvey Goodwin, M.A. of Caius College, has been elected Hulsean lecturer for the year ensuing. The salary is 300*l.* per annum, and the lecturer has to preach and print eight sermons. The office is an annual one, but may be held by the same person six times. The Hulsean prize of 100*l.*, for an essay on the Influence of Christianity upon International Law, has been adjudged to Mr. C. M. Kennedy, of Caius College; and the dissertation is to be printed. The Maitland prize of 100*l.*, bequeathed by Sir Peregrine Maitland, for an essay on some subject connected with the propagation of the Gospel in India and other parts of the heathen world, is this year offered for the best treatise on the Religious History of the Sikhs, considered with especial reference to the Prospects of Christianity in North-western India. Candidates must send in their productions, under certain defined conditions, to the Vice-chancellor before the division of the Easter

Term, 1855. The Rev. Theodore Preston, M.A., Fellow of Trinity College, has been appointed Lord Almoner's Professor of Arabic, in the room of the Ven. Archdeacon Robinson, who has resigned the appointment. The stipend attached to it is miserably small—only 40*l.* 10*s.* per annum.

Mr. John Britton, the veteran antiquary, in reference to his 'Autobiography,' announces the early publication of it in the following quaint address. "The work here announced has been in progress of writing and printing for five years; and the author is now so far advanced in its execution as to promise the concluding part (barring illness), with copious index, early in the year 1855. It is intended to embrace a concise review of his early struggles in life—his unpropitious career in adolescence—his pursuit of knowledge under adverse circumstances, and his laborious and ardent devotion to literature for more than half a century. Anecdotes and notices of numerous public persons with whom he progressively became intimate and corresponded, with biographical memoranda of publishers, authors, and artists, will be found interspersed through the work. A copious catalogue raisonnée of all his publications, extending to more than fifty folio, quarto, and smaller volumes, besides several miscellaneous essays, occupy the second volume; whilst numerous portraits and views are introduced to diversify the matter, as well as to harmonize, in some measure, with the author's practice on former occasions. The publication, thus formed and constituted, is *unique*, in its origin, formation, and execution. It is intended as a 'Friendship's Offering' to certain ladies and gentlemen, who, believing the author had not been adequately remunerated for the number and quality of his many literary works, and finding that two ministers of the Crown had declined to award him any pecuniary compliment from 'the civil list,' generously raised a *subscription*, amounting to nearly 1000*l.*, in testimony of his labours and deserts. In return for this generous and courteous favour, he voluntarily proffered to write a biography of himself, and present a copy to each subscriber; thus tendering a reciprocal compliment to and from the giver and receiver. At the time of making this pledge he calculated on bringing the said memoir into a small volume of nearly 300 pages, with eight or ten embellishments, and expending about 300*l.* in its production. He has, however, extended it to two large volumes, with more than fifty illustrations, and disbursed more than 1000*l.* He may also state, that, at least, four years of systematic authorship have been sedulously and anxiously devoted to its composition, correction, and miscellaneous duties and avocations."

Mr. Knighton has furnished us with the following corrections:—"In your notice of 'Tropical Sketches' you mention me as having formerly been 'an Inspector under the Council of Education at Calcutta.' I was not an Inspector, but a Professor in the Hindu College, Professor of History and Logic. The mistake is a trivial one in itself, but in Calcutta they may fancy I have been representing myself to have been what I was not, if you do not correct it, particularly as the 'Literary Gazette' is regarded in India as the literary journal of London *par excellence*,* and is therefore more quoted in the literary columns of the newspapers there than any other. I am, &c.

"WM. KNIGHTON.

"Chelsea, January 4th, 1855.

* "An amusing result of this impression came lately under my observation. A periodical was started by some young men in Colombo, Ceylon, called 'Young Ceylon.' It was conducted with a very fair amount of ability and flourished. At the end of the first year, in enumerating his successes, the increased number of his subscribers, the amount of literary contribution he was obtaining, and the general estimation in which his periodical was held, the editor wound up his triumphant peroration with the following climax, 'And, to crown all, our name has been mentioned by the Literary Gazette of London.'"

We have been reminded by an indignant correspondent that a metrical narrative of 'The Battle of the Alma,' noticed by us a fortnight since as having the merit of being furnished with notes containing selections from despatches and other

printed accounts of the battle, that there are some notes of original composition. For the gratification of the author and amusement of our readers we give the following specimen. The note is appended to the lines—

"Go it, England!—Forward France!
And the day's your own."

"'Go it, Guards!' an exclamation effectively used by Major-General Bentinck in the very hottest of the fire at Alma. 'Go it!' however, appears to have been previously vernacularized by even royal authority, as his late Majesty King William IV., when Lord High Admiral, thus pithily defined his intentions in a despatch to Admiral Sir Edward Codrington antecedent to the battle of Navarino, 'Go it, Ned!' Doubtless, however, all the Lady Tittletons of the day, and their snivelling counterparts in petticoats, will be horrified at its importation into rhyme. 'As sentimental phraseology'—observeth Mr. Nincompoop, Professor of Zoology, and A.S.S.—'is in truth the roseate enhancing bloom upon the peach of poesy—the great essential, as regards rhythmic refinement.' It may be questionable, however, if the professor, turning from the elegant to the useful in his own profession, could, off hand, define the precise number of joints in a pig's tail. 'So difficult are beauties to distinguish, even in our study's course.'"

To Colnaghi's series of lithograph pictures of the events of the war there has been added an authentic view of the battle of the Alma, from a drawing by Lieut. Bredin, R.A. The topography of the field is correctly given in detail from drawings on the spot by Major Ayle, R.A., who was with Lord Raglan's staff. Spirited views are also published of the bombardment of Sebastopol by the allied fleet on the 17th of October; and of the loss of the Tiger, on the 18th of May; the latter drawn by Lieut. Dunn, R.N., the former by Lieut. Montagu O'Reilly.

There seems to be no lack of candidates for the Regius Professorship of Natural History and Geology in Edinburgh. A new one has presented himself during the past week in the person of Lord Teignmouth, so that the list now includes a peer and a baronet.

The Museum at King's Lynn has recently received some valuable Indian curiosities from Lord Stanley, M.P. for the borough.

A great opera is a mine of wealth to all concerned in it. Meyerbeer's *Etoile du Nord* has produced at Paris alone 17,817*l.* for the first eighty-six representations. Out of this sum Meyerbeer and Scribe have been paid for the score and libretto not less than 2580*l.*; and they have besides realised a large sum by the sale of the copyright to publishers.

A comic opera, by F. Hiller, called the *Arcata*, has been produced at Cologne.

The only dramatic novelty at Paris worth noticing since our last is a three-act piece called: *Les Parisiens*, brought out at the Vaudeville Theatre. The title originally given to it was *Les Parisiens de la Decadence*; but the censors would not allow the last three words to stand. The play is a clever and rather savage "show-up" of Parisian life; and, as such, necessarily introduces male and female characters with whom a staid Englishman would not like to stroll along the Boulevards. It is also particularly severe on newspaper men. In this respect we think it unjust; for though Parisian journalists are not saints, they are certainly not worse than their neighbours; perhaps, with a few disgraceful exceptions, they are rather better. The author of the play is a young man named Barrière—the same who made a hit some months ago by a piece in which that class of persons who, to the disgrace of the Parisian stage, were exalted in the younger Dumas' *Dame aux Camelias*, were held up to the indignation and contempt they deserve.

At the Paris theatres, in the course of last year, 255 new pieces were produced. Of these eighteen were operas, two ballets, seventeen comedies, twenty-four dramas and tragedies, and the remainder were vaudevilles.

PROCEEDINGS OF SOCIETIES.

CIVIL ENGINEERS.—Dec. 19th.—ANNUAL GENERAL MEETING.—James Simpson, Esq., President, in the Chair.—The Annual Report of the retiring Council was read, and the meeting proceeded to the election of the President, Vice-Presidents and other Members of the Council for the ensuing year, after which the medals and premiums which had been awarded were presented. The leading events of the political world, and particularly the occurrence of war, were alluded to, as having tended to arrest the progress of civil engineering works, whilst, on the other hand, the mechanical engineers had found ample employment in supplying engines, machinery, vessels, tools, and stores of all kinds for the use of the army, the navy, and the mercantile service. The fact of the aid of civil and mechanical engineers being so extensively sought for, in conjunction with the army and navy was alluded to, and the cases in which their combined efforts had conducted so essentially to mutual benefit were shown. Allusion was also made to the novel expedient of sending out a corps of "navvies" and other artisans to lay as it was expressed "the first section of the railway from Sebastopol to St. Petersburg." The production of the Lancaster rifled cannon, and of the wrought iron ordnance by engineers, and the investigation for the Government by a member of the institution, into the manufacture, boring and firing of rifles, were noticed. The few large works of civil engineering now in progress in Great Britain were then mentioned, and the impetuous onslaught of the Home Secretary upon the smoke and other nuisances of the metropolis was noticed, with the view of directing to those points, as also to the general sanitary questions and to the sewerage of the metropolis, the attention of civil engineers, whose advice would be found trustworthy, and who would discriminate between sound systems and the nostrums and baseless schemes which were now ignorantly thrust forward. The extensions of the feeding mains of the principal water companies to points high up the river, beyond the influence of the tidal range, and in two cases the removal of the entire establishments, in order to afford almost unlimited supplies of the best water for domestic purposes, was noticed; and it was pointed out that it was now only necessary to afford such an ample supply of water, at a sufficient elevation on the north side of the metropolis, as would enable the sewers to be constantly flushed, and that their contents should be delivered at positions so low down the Thames as to preclude the necessity for the mechanical lifting of the sewage excepting for a limited area, and for those portions under high water mark, and thus the noble metropolitan river might be rendered as pure as was practicable for a stream flowing amidst habitations, and necessarily subject to some degree of pollution. A slight sketch was given of the progress of railways on the Continent—in the Colonies—in America—and, in fact throughout the world, and in every quarter members of the institution were to be found earnestly pursuing their calling. On the Continent the main lines were being extended, so as to bring the chief capitals of Europe within a few hours' journey of our metropolis, whilst the electric telegraph accompanied and frequently preceded the lines, for that more rapid communication which had now become indispensable in mercantile, political, and social relations. In Egypt, and in India, portions of the main lines were in use. In the colonies small local lines were at work, and large schemes were projected. In Canada the Grand Trunk Railway was noticed, as being fraught with great commercial and political importance; the great work on its course,—the Victoria Bridge,—was described as spanning the St. Lawrence, at Montreal, by a wrought-iron tubular structure of, including the abutments and embankments, nearly 9,000 feet in length, employing for its manufacture 10,400 tons of iron. The Norwegian and Danish railways, recently opened, were described, as also the preparations made at Lowestoft for the encouragement of the trade with those countries. The railways in the United States of America ap-

peared not to have taken any great extension during the past year, although the project of extending a line on towards California has been favourably received. The successful opening and subsequent progress of the Crystal Palace at Sydenham was noticed; and it was shown that in the projection, the prosecution, and the support of this great work, many of the members had been actively engaged; and the same energetic aid was asked for the approaching Exposition at Paris, in 1855; the Council had given their best aid to the Government in the matter, and it was specially impressed on members to send only such models and specimens of works and machinery, as should sustain the high character of the British engineers and manufacturers. A sketch of the statistics of railways in Great Britain was then given. It was also represented, how essentially the civil engineers could contribute to the investigations of antiquaries and archaeologists, by immediately reporting to the Antiquarian Society the finding of any objects during the course of excavations, and by transmitting the objects found to that Society, for a Report, before depositing them in the national collection at the British Museum. Sketches were then given of the subjects of the principal papers read during the past session, for part of which Telford medals had been awarded to Messrs. Beardmore, Henderson, Smith, Hobbs, and Yates; and Council premiums of books to Messrs. Harrison, Clark, Simpson, jun., Peniston, and Chadwick, which, in the course of the evening, were duly presented. The resignations of fourteen members and associates were announced. The financial statement showed the funds of the Society to be in a very prosperous state, since, by the voluntary contribution of the members of all classes, the printing debt had been paid, and, after giving the detail of a special general meeting of members, convened for the purpose of introducing some modifications into the bye-laws, which had, however, been demonstrated to be unnecessary, and therefore, were not made, the Report concluded, by announcing that two parts of Volumes XI. and XII. (together, upwards of 800 pages), of the 'Minutes of Proceedings,' had been issued, and the editing and printing of all the remainder would proceed with all dispatch. The following gentlemen were elected to fill the several offices in the Council for the ensuing year:—James Simpson, President; G. P. Bidder, I. K. Brunel, J. Locke, M.P., R. Stephenson, M.P., Vice-Presidents; J. Cubitt, J. E. Errington, J. Fowler, C. H. Gregory, J. Hawshaw, T. Hawkesley, J. R. McClean, C. May, J. Penn, J. S. Russel, Members; and H. Hensman, and Sir J. Paxton, M.P., Associates.

MEETINGS FOR THE ENSUING WEEK.

- Monday.**—Geographical, 8½ p.m.—(1. Geographical Notes taken during a journey performed in Persia, by Keith E. Abbott, Esq., H.M. Consul at Teheran, communicated by the Earl of Clarendon; 2. Despatches from Dr. Livingston, containing his routes from Lake Ngami through the interior of South Africa to Angola, communicated by Sir Roderick I. Murchison; 3. Despatches from Colonel Herman, H.M. Consul at Tripoli, stating that the reports of Dr. Barth's death may still prove unfounded, communicated by the Foreign Office.)
- British Architects, 8 p.m.
 - Institute of Actuaries, 7 p.m.—(On the Improvement of Life Contingency Calculation, by E. J. Farren, Esq.)
- Tuesday.**—Medical and Chirurgical, 8½ p.m.
- Civil Engineers, 8 p.m.—(Discussion on Mr. P. W. Barlow's Paper, on some peculiar features of the Water-bearing Strata of the London Basin, and the Ballot for Members.)
 - Zoological, 9 p.m.
 - Syro-Egyptian, 7½ p.m.—(Mr. S. Sharpe, a further Argument and Explanation of Hieroglyphics.)
- Wednesday.**—Graphic, 8 p.m.
- Ethnological, 8½ p.m.—(1. Dr. Conolly, on the Character of the Ethnological Exhibitions of London. 2. The late Dr. Sibbald, Notes on the Natives of the Tropical Region of Australia, from Sandy Cape to Port Essington.)
 - Literary Fund, 3 p.m.
 - R. S. of Literature, 8½ p.m.

- Thursday.**—Royal, 8½ p.m.
- Royal Academy, 8 p.m.—(Professor Cockerell on Architecture.)
 - Antiquaries, 8 p.m.
- Friday.**—Astronomical, 8 p.m.
- Philological, 8 p.m.
- Saturday.**—Asiatic, 2 p.m.
- Medical, 8 p.m.

FOREIGN CORRESPONDENCE.

Dresden, 25th December, 1854.

CHRISTMAS and Christmas eve are perhaps the most trying days in all the year to the home-sick Englishman, whom chance or any other cause has fixed at this season in Germany. He sits in his solitary room, with its tall spectral stove emitting, it is true, heat enough, but no cheerfulness, and thinks of the bright and happy faces at home, the roaring fire, the huge sirloin of smoking beef, and the plum pudding with its mysterious blue flames. If he goes out into the streets he is not much better off, he has that dismal of all dismal sensations, the feeling of being alone in a crowd; everybody is busy and excited; the German on this occasion seems roused from his usual apathy, and displays an energy and activity apparently incompatible with the eternal cigar, which graces the mouth of at least every third male, be the same seller or buyer. I spent Christmas-day this year in Dresden, and though a stranger in a foreign land, was enabled, by the kindness of friends, to participate in one of those pretty fêtes, the lighting of the Christmas tree, and the "Bescherung," or making of Christmas presents. It is the custom here to light the tree on Christmas-eve, and in some families to renew it every night till New Year, when the whole family sits up together until twelve o'clock, when the ringing of the bells in all the churches through the town announces the arrival of the New Year, and the members of the family, servants included, shake each other by the hand, and exchange wishes for health and happiness. In Dresden, almost every open space in the squares of the town is, for days previous to Christmas, covered with fir trees of all sizes and prices, ranging from the value of a penny to that of seven or eight shillings; there is also a regular Christmas fair, which lasts for several days, and a much greater amount of business is done than one could imagine. For children and servants this time is peculiarly happy. The value of the gifts, of course, depends principally on the length of the parental purse, but those who cannot afford to bestow luxuries take this opportunity of giving necessities. The poor, too, are not forgotten, trees are lighted up at the charitable institutions, and subscriptions are being made for weeks before to give some comforts to the needy on this day, sacred to family union. We generally look upon Christmas trees as an invention of the Germans, and on the festival at this season of the year, as exclusively resulting from Christianity; this is, however, certainly not the case. The "thirteen nights," as the festival at this period of the year was called, is derived from the earliest period of German history, and was originally held to celebrate the birth of the Sun—indeed, all the principal festivals of the ancient Germans were consequent on the changes of the seasons. At this time prayers were offered up, sacrifices made, and trees, especially pines, limes, and oaks, were ornamented and illuminated during the night, with torches of straw, variegated lamps, and wax candles. The ancient Germans celebrated the feast of "the thirteen nights," simply as a new year's festival. It began on the 24th December, and ended on the 6th of January. The Egyptians considered the twelve days from the 25th December to the 6th January as sacred, and the Persians begin their feasts in honour of the birth of the Sun at the same time; the Romans held their Saturnalia in the second half of the month of December, and Tacitus speaks of this feast of the Germans under the name of Tanfana, the derivation of which word has been a hard nut for the German etymologists to crack. Herr Motanus, who has just published a very interesting work on the popular customs,

habits, and superstitions of the Germans, gives, in my opinion, the only simple and natural explanation of the word. He considers the 'Tanfanafe' of Tacitus to be the 'Fest der Tannenweige,' or feast of the pine branches, a twig of which was carried by each person in the procession from the sacred groves. Thousands of years ago the palm-tree was lighted up at this season in Egypt. The custom passed from thence to Italy, where other and various trees were used. In Germany the fir was naturally employed, as being the only ever-green indigenous to the country; and in some parts, even at the present time, where the Christmas tree is not customary, the people stick branches of fir-trees on Christmas eve before the doors of the house, and in the stables and cowsheds. I think it was Gregory the Great who first inculcated the doctrine, "that the heathen festivals should be gradually transformed into Christian celebrations, and in many cases must be merely imitated;" and if we look back upon the customs of the Romans and ancient Germans, we find the maxim of the great Pope most fully carried out in many of the Christmas and New Year customs of the present day. Among the early Germans the dwellings were sprinkled with consecrated water at midnight, taken from holy wells and streams, and songs were sung in the sacred groves. The same custom in some parts of Germany prevails at the present day; and persons are still found who listen at midnight for the supernatural ringing of church bells buried in the earth. The superstition still prevails in some of the highland countries, that on Christmas-eve the beasts in the stalls fall on their knees and worship (if I am not mistaken the same superstition will be found in Devonshire and Somersetshire); and for a long time the farmers asserted that the cattle were for that night gifted with the power of speech and prophecy. As lately as in the early part of this century, in some of the remote and mountainous parts of Germany, the "Hansvater" (head of the family) was accustomed to bring into the house every Christmas-eve a little pig. The animal was questioned as to the prospects of next harvest, and on being pinched, of course, squeaked a reply, which was translated into a prophecy, favourable or otherwise, for the abundance of the roots in the fields or mast in the wood. The records of the middle ages abound with prohibitions condemning the lighting of bonfires on the hills at Christmas, stating them to be Pagan in their origin, and calling them sacrifices to the devil. In speaking of the festival of Silvester Abend, or New Year's-eve, which I shall do in my next letter, I hope to give you one or two more examples of the adoption of old customs and superstitions.

VARIETIES.

Death of Sir Adam Ferguson.—Sir Adam Ferguson, the friend of Scott, and a man of note in the literary and convivial circles of the last generation, died on Monday last, at the advanced age of eighty-four. Sir Adam was the eldest of three sons of the well-known Dr. Adam Ferguson, the predecessor of Dugald Stewart in the Moral Philosophy Chair of our University. It was at the knight's paternal mansion in the south side of Edinburgh that Scott, then a mere boy, saw and received a word of recognition from Robert Burns; and the intimacy between Sir Walter and Sir Adam, begun in very early life, was only terminated by the death of the former. Entering the army in the early part of the present century, Ferguson served with the Duke of Wellington in several campaigns, and returned home with the rank of captain to find Scott busy with the building of Abbotsford. In the year 1818 he was appointed Deputy-Keeper of the Regalia of Scotland, which had then been discovered, and he received the honour of knighthood from George IV. on the occasion of his visit to Edinburgh, four years after. Ferguson was brimful of Scotch anecdote, which he related admirably.—*Edinburgh Witness.*

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